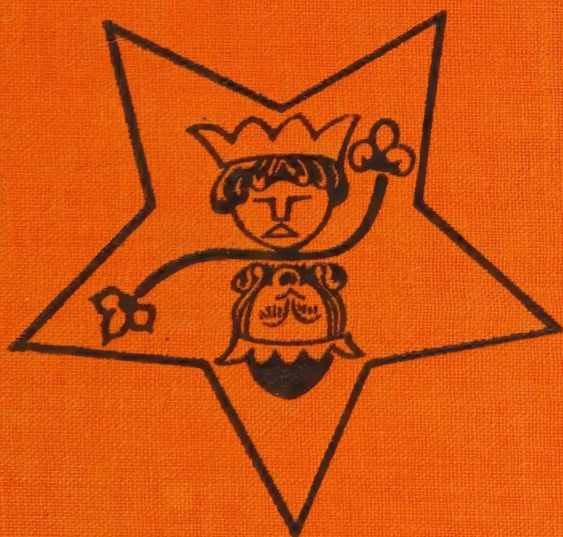


**THE  
SHOW  
BOOK  
OF  
REMO  
BUFANO**













WITHDRAWN

THE SHOW BOOK OF REMO BUFANO



THE MACMILLAN COMPANY  
NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO • DALLAS  
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TORONTO

LET US HAVE FUN



# THE SHOW BOOK OF REMO BUFANO



SEVEN PLAYS  
FOR  
MARIONETTES & PEOPLE  
ONE FOR EVERY DAY

TEXT & DRAWINGS BY REMO BUFANO

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY  
NEW YORK 1929

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care of the publishers, The Macmillan Company, 60  
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The usual charges will be modified for special  
presentations, and for school use.

—REMO BUFANO


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## CONTENTS

	PAGE
LET US STAGE THE PLAY . . . . .	vii
RED RIDING HOOD . . . . .	I
CINDERELLA . . . . .	23
RUMPELSTILTSKIN . . . . .	59
JACK AND THE BEANSTALK . . . . .	91
THE THREE BEARS . . . . .	111
THE FROG PRINCE . . . . .	127
DAVID AND GOLIATH . . . . .	149
AND NOW WITH MARIONETTES . . . . .	171



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## LET US STAGE THE PLAY

THIS volume is made up of seven short plays that are dramatizations of very popular tales. All these plays have already been successfully performed by the marionettes of the author. They are arranged here so that they may be performed by children themselves in school or at home.

The costumes have been simply and carefully described and illustrated so that any who wish to follow them may do so without much trouble and with very little expense. To get striking and beautiful effects it is not essential to use fine silks and velvets. The important thing is to choose colors with taste, and to cut and fit so that a costume will have line and style. Materials can be of the cheapest. In fact, their use will help stimulate one's imagination more readily, and imagination should be the outstanding element in productions of these plays.

In dramatizing these tales the author has tried to keep the original spirit and plot, changing the less important points only when absolutely necessary to the action.

For those who wish to know how a curtain can be fixed so that it works smoothly and simply, a careful diagram appears on one of these pages. Should a curtain be impracticable for your purpose, two ordinary screens can be used by opening them and making them meet in the center. This will hide the actors from the audience. To



disclose the scene two people can carry them to the sides. This will function as a curtain.

The important detail of scenery can be solved quite as simply as the curtain. A cloth of neutral tint may be hung across the back of the stage which will represent a kind of sky or permanent background. Against this can be placed in different positions pieces of scenery painted on cardboard or other stiff material and cut out so that they stand in outline against the background. The same kind of simplicity and directness should be employed in the making of the scenery, which should be quite suggestive, leaving a great deal for the audience to imagine, themselves. It should be so simple that even very young children could help in the making of it. The drawings on other pages illustrate this further.

Here again imagination should work most of the wonders for us. It is quite as important to leave out things as it is to show them. If the truth were known, it is more important. Therefore do not clutter the stage with all kinds of scenery or properties. They are not likely to produce the most thrilling effect. Color again is very important, and the right use of it in addition to imagination and a few essential bits of scenery to suggest the place of action will produce amazing results.

In performing fairy tales it should be remembered that the creatures in them are not altogether real, as we understand people of everyday life. Perhaps they are a little bit more than real, as well as less than real. In any case, happenings in their lives are very often what we would

call miracles. The actors should therefore be convinced that nothing is impossible, that straw can turn to gold.

These plays may also be done with marionettes. For the present, however, we will stick to acting them with people. Those who are interested in marionettes will turn to the last part of the book, where they will find a brief but fairly sufficiently complete guide to start them on their way to marionette production.

The effect of a speech depends not only on what one says but how one says it. Few gestures should be used, but these few should be so necessary that the drama would be incomplete without them. An audience can see and feel only as much as the actor is able to make himself visualize. There should be no hesitation or indecision about any sentence spoken or movement made. Every actor should at the same time forget the audience, and feel their presence every second. The result will be that the audience will forget the actors and at the same time be transported by them.

We are ready now to plan the production of one of the seven plays. There is one for each day in the week. If it happens to be a Sunday, let us do "David and Goliath."

## THE STAGE

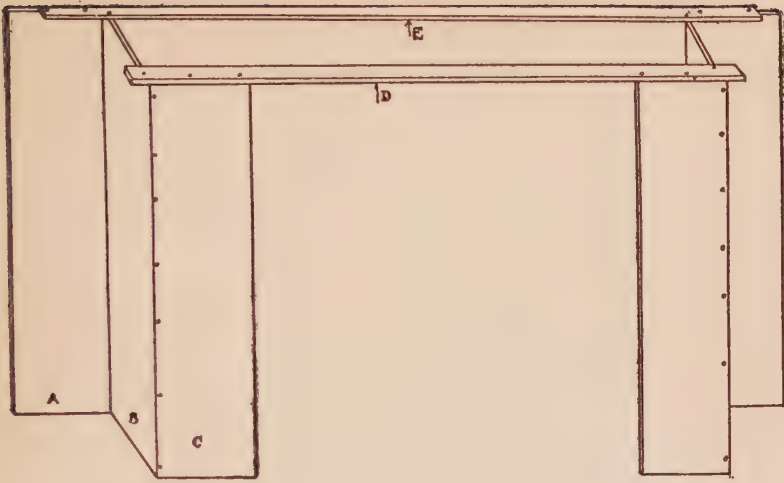
I have planned a stage most easy to build, for amateurs of all ages. It is shown in Drawing One. Here, in A, B, C are three screens made of strips of wood covered with wrapping paper or muslin and painted. They are nailed together at right angles so that they will stand very firmly. D is a strip of wood nailed across the top in the front on which the curtain is hung. This should not be nailed on before the curtain rigging is all fixed to it. E is another strip of wood nailed on top and connecting the two sets of screens at the back. This will help to steady the structure and can also be used to hang a tease from.

Drawing Two illustrates the rigging.

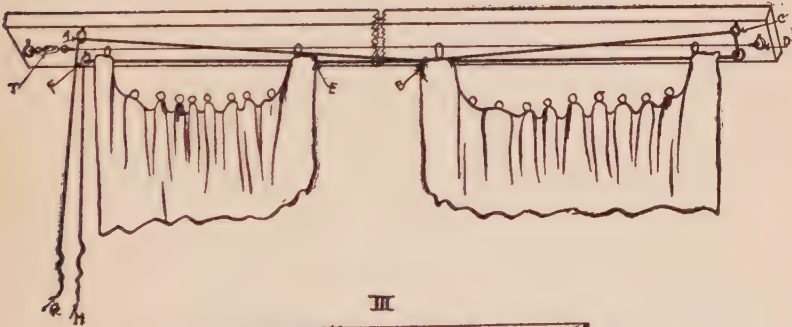
Run cord through the screw eye at A: make it fast by sewing to the edge of curtain at B: run it through screw eyes at C and D: attach it again to corner of the other curtain at E: run it through the screw eye F. The line is continuous, serving to open or close the curtain from the same side of the stage. If rigged properly, the end of the cord marked G should pull the curtain closed, and the cord H should pull it apart. The curtain is hung on a taut wire attached at points I and J. By using a turn-buckle at one end the wire can be made as taut as desired. The turn-buckle is indicated by T on the drawing. For



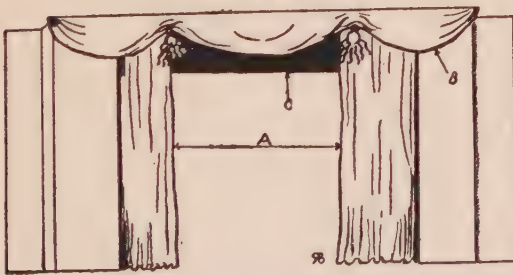
I



II



III



I—Stage. II—Curtain. III—Proscenium.

attaching the wire and for conveying the cord that pulls the curtain, large screw eyes will be found satisfactory. Awning cord is good for the curtain. In the drawing only the first and last rings of the curtain are shown strung on the wire, to make it easier to expose the working of the cord.

Drawing Three shows the proscenium all finished as it looks from the front. A—The curtains partially drawn apart. B—Top of the proscenium draped and tacked to the strip of wood which holds the curtain. C—The tease, a piece of colored cloth or paper which is tacked to a strip of wood at the back.



*The Wolf.*

## RED RIDING HOOD

A PLAY IN FOUR SCENES

*From the Fairy Tale of the Same Name*





3



2



1



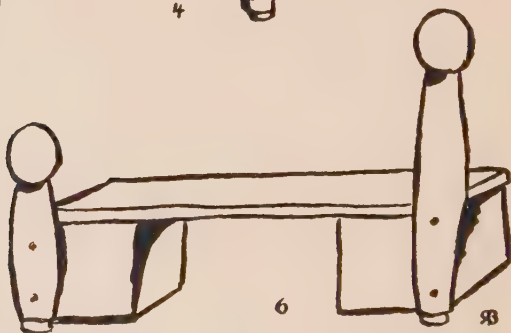
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5



1



6

8

*Properties for "Red Riding Hood."*



*Red Riding Hood's  
Grandmother.*

*Characters:*

RED RIDING HOOD  
HER GRANDMOTHER  
HER MOTHER, MRS. HOOD  
HANSEL, the woodsman  
THE WICKED WOLF

*Costumes:*

THE WOLF: His costume can be made of a reddish-brown canton flannel with bits of wool approximately the same shade sewed on at points where they appear in the drawing. The head is made of buckram covered with this same material and should slip over the wearer's head

easily. It can be fastened down with safety pins about the shoulders. A mouth that opens and closes can be made by making the lower jaw a separate piece and attaching it at the two corners so that it works up and down like a hinge. He should have a red flannel tongue attached to the roof of his mouth. Bits of buckram painted gold or silver will make effective claws and teeth.

HANSEL: His coat may be of brown or green corduroy. Any ordinary pair of trousers or overalls will do. An ordinary rope should be tied around the waist. He wears a plain muslin shirt with wide sleeves, and a stocking cap. The sabots may be made of buckram covered with natural-colored burlap. The ax may be made of buckram, painted silver, with a wooden handle painted red or black.

GRANDMOTHER: Her gown and cap should be made of either yellow sateen or canton flannel.

MRS. HOOD: Her bodice should be of cheap black velvet. Under it is an ordinary white waist. The full skirt may be made of any attractive washable print. White muslin cap and ordinary house slippers.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Her dress should be rather tight-fitting above the waist, with a full short skirt made of a rather attractive print in white and blue. Her cap and hood should be of a good grade of red canton flannel lined with white sateen. Any ordinary basket.

### *Properties:*

Plate 1. The two pictures are of cardboard with designs painted on them as follows: frames gold, background blue, figures of grandma and grandpa in black outline.



*Little Red Riding Hood.*

Plate 2. Represents the tree which Hansel chops down in the forest. It is nailed to a block or a small wooden box so that it can fall over at the desired time. The tree is made of cardboard, tacked to a long strip of narrow wood.

Plate 3. The forest can be represented by painting on ordinary wrapping paper, spread over screens that will stand as in No. 3. The trunks may be brown, green, or

gray. The background can be left the color of the paper itself. The foliage may be green, blue, red or black.

Plates 4 and 5. Any small table and stool.

Plate 6. Shows how a stage bed can be made very quickly. A plank is stretched across two wooden boxes. The two bedposts are made of cardboard tacked to thin strips of wood and fastened to the boxes as indicated in the drawing. The mattress and covering may be any available things which will give the impression.



*The Woodsman and Mrs. Hood.*

## RED RIDING HOOD

SCENE ONE. *The prologue, which takes place nowhere in particular, in a dream, perhaps. A plain background of whatever happens to be on the stage will serve, with a few gold or silver stars pinned up here and there.*

GRANDMOTHER [*she is stroking little RED RIDING HOOD's head while showing her the new red hood which she is giving her*]: My child, my darling, my little Red Riding Hood. Yes, that will be a good name for you, my dear. This little cape and hood that grandmother has made for you fit you as nothing ever did. It is made of a love which only a grandmother can have for a grandchild. I have woven in songs of magic fairyland, and some of my gray hairs, too. When you walk in the wind, you will hear my cracked voice in it. This little cape and hood will guard you like a magic charm against all the evils of the air and of the water and of the land. Do you like it, child?

RED RIDING HOOD: Oh, I love it, grandmother.

GRANDMOTHER: Then wear it well, my dear. Come put it on, child.

[*Little RED RIDING HOOD gets into the cape, skips about in it for a few moments, laughing with delight. Then she jumps into grandmother's arms and hugs her. The curtain falls.*]

SCENE TWO. *Inside* MRS. HOOD's house. *It is furnished with a table, one or two chairs. There are large pictures of grandmother and grandfather on the wall. There is a window in the background with a trim little curtain, such as one might see in any country cottage. When the curtain rises, MRS. HOOD is very busy packing a little basket on the table. A few seconds later HANSEL, the woodsman, is heard singing outside.*

HANSEL [*outside*]:

I am the executioner,  
My ax is magical.  
I sing and chop  
And chop and sing,  
And everything I touch must drop;  
It's really tragical.

MRS. HOOD [*looking out of the window*]: Good morning, Hansel. You are on your way early this morning.

HANSEL [*comes inside the cottage*]: Faith, I must make up for the days I have already lost. My wife is much better to-day. I think it was your dainties that did it.

MRS. HOOD: You are a good nurse, Hansel. That is what did it, I think.

HANSEL [*discovering the basket*]: And what are you packing up so prettily?

MRS. HOOD: Just a few dainties for little Red Riding Hood's grandmother. She isn't very well to-day and I am sending the child to look after her.

HANSEL: Isn't she well? I will have to stop in to see her on my way home from work, and bring her a little wood for her fire.



MRS. HOOD: That will be very good of you, Hansel. She will be glad to see you, I am sure.

HANSEL: Well, I must be off to the woods now. I'll hail little Red Riding Hood as she passes by, Mrs. Hood.

MRS. HOOD: I will be very grateful to you if you will do that, Hansel. I always worry about that child when she goes through the woods.

HANSEL: You needn't worry while I am there, Mrs. Hood—not while I am in the woods. Well, good day!

MRS. HOOD: Good-by and good luck to you and your ax.

HANSEL [*going off singing his song which gets fainter and fainter in the distance*]:

I am the executioner,  
My ax is magical.  
I sing and chop  
And chop and sing,  
And everything I touch must drop;  
It's really tragical.

MRS. HOOD [*looking about*]: Now where has little Red Riding Hood gone to? Where can that child be? [*Looking from place to place*] Little Red Riding Hood! Little Red Riding Hood! Little Red Riding Hood!

[*Suddenly little RED RIDING HOOD runs into the house and surprises MRS. HOOD from behind by pulling at her skirt. MRS. HOOD turns with a start.*]

MRS. HOOD: You frightened me, my dear! Where have you been hiding? You always seem to find a new place.

RED RIDING HOOD: I was behind the gate, mother.

MRS. HOOD: Are you ready to go to your grandmother's now?

RED RIDING HOOD: Yes, I'm ready.

MRS. HOOD: Here is the basket. See if you can carry it.

RED RIDING HOOD [*taking basket off table*]: Oh, yes, I can carry it. It is very light, mother. What is in it?

MRS. HOOD: Some cake and wine and bacon and eggs.

RED RIDING HOOD: Oh, goody, goody! Grandmother will like the whole basket. May I wear my nice red cape and hood that grandmother gave me?

MRS. HOOD: Yes, child, but you must be very careful of it and don't get caught in the thorns. Your grandmother will never be able to make you another magic hood.

RED RIDING HOOD: Oh, I will take good care of it, mother.

MRS. HOOD: Very well, and what are you going to do for your grandmother when you get there?

RED RIDING HOOD: I'll sweep her room, make her bed, and fix her some good things to eat.

MRS. HOOD: That is right, my dear, and be sure and put the warming-pan in her bed.

RED RIDING HOOD: Yes, mother.

MRS. HOOD: Now hurry along on your way. [*She kisses RED RIDING HOOD, fixes the basket over her arm, and buttons her cape.*] Another thing, little Red Riding Hood, don't stop to talk to anyone on your way through the woods—not anyone.

RED RIDING HOOD: I won't. Good-by, mother. [*Hugs her mother good-by again and skips off.*]

MRS. HOOD [*waving through the window*]: Good-by, my dear.

*[The curtain falls as many good-bys are being exchanged between little RED RIDING HOOD and her mother, who keeps waving to her from the window.]*

SCENE THREE. *In the woods. This scene may be represented by a few trunks of trees made of cardboard and placed about the stage so as to make a desirable effect. HANSEL is chopping away at one of them as the curtain goes up. While chopping, he sings his favorite song.*

HANSEL:

I am the executioner,  
My ax is magical.  
I sing and chop  
And chop and sing,  
And everything I touch must drop;  
It's really tragical.

*[He chops away with all his might until finally the tree begins to wave this way and that, and then after a few more lusty chops it falls and lies at his feet. This can be done by nailing the bottom of the cardboard tree trunk with one nail so that by pulling it from one side or the other it will fall over at the desired time. He is very careful that it does not fall on him. Pleased with the results of his labor he wipes his brow and looks about as if he were looking for some one whom he has not seen yet.]*

HANSEL: Well, well, well! I haven't seen little Red Riding Hood yet. *[He suddenly sees the WOLF, who slinks, behind one of the trees and is quickly out of sight.]* Ah ha! So there you are, Mr. Wolf! Still prowling about! Perhaps you are waiting to speak to little Red Riding

Hood as she passes through the woods? I'm watching you, old fellow! And I am going to watch you some more. I warn you against my magic ax. Just watch it and see how the trees disappear. I'm sorry for you, trees, but [*and he breaks into song*]:

I am the executioner,  
My ax is magical.  
I sing and chop  
And chop and sing,  
And everything I touch must drop;  
It's really tragical.

[*He looks about for a few seconds to decide where he should go next and then he goes off.*]

RED RIDING HOOD [*who now enters carrying her little basket very bravely, even though it is getting a little bit too heavy for her. She is tempted by the newly chopped tree which offers her a very inviting seat*]: Oh, it's a long way through the woods to my grandmother's—longer than it has ever been before. I am getting tired. Oh, here is a newly chopped tree. It won't hurt for me to sit down a little while before I go any farther into the woods. Hansel must have chopped down this tree.

[*As she speaks, she sits on the tree trunk, at the end where the firm box is, and sighs a great sigh. She puts down her basket, peeps into it to see that everything is still there, covers it again, smooths her cape, and settles for a little rest. It is very quiet for a few seconds.*]

[*A great rustle of dried leaves is heard to one side and then the WOLF makes his entrance. He regards little RED RIDING HOOD with an air of triumph.*]



WOLF [*coming a few paces nearer while looking around very cautiously*]: R-r-r-r! Upon my word, if it isn't little R-r-r-Red R-r-r-r-Riding Hood! [*coming still nearer*] Good morning, my dear.

[RED RIDING HOOD, *hearing a voice that is neither sweet nor kindly, does not turn her head. She trembles.*]

WOLF: Aren't you going to wish me a pleasant good morning, little R-r-r-Red R-r-r-r-Riding Hood?

[*wagging his tail*] I am sure you have good manners.

RED RIDING HOOD [*finally getting up, determined to proceed on her way*]: Good morning, Mr. Wolf.

WOLF [*getting in her path*]: Whither away so early, little R-r-r-Red R-r-r-r-Riding Hood?

RED RIDING HOOD: I'm going to my grandmother's, Mr. Wolf.

WOLF: Oh, and where does your grandmother live?

RED RIDING HOOD: At the other end of the wood, under three big oaks near a hedge of nut trees. It's a little red and white cottage that stands all alone.

WOLF: Under thr-r-ree big oaks near a hedge of nut trees. A little r-r-red and white cottage that stands all alone. That shouldn't be har-r-rd to find.

RED RIDING HOOD: No. It isn't, Mr. Wolf.

WOLF: NO-O-O. [*sniffing all around the basket*]. What have you got in the basket, little R-r-r-Red R-r-r-r-Riding Hood?

RED RIDING HOOD: Some cake and wine and bacon and eggs for my grandmother. [*She places the basket on the other side of her away from the WOLF.*] She isn't well and I am going there to take care of her.

WOLF: Ah! Some cake and wine and bacon and eggs for your gr-r-r-randmother. She will like that. I'm sorry she is ill. You're a sweet good child to take care of your sick gr-r-r-randmother.

[*Here suddenly HANSEL is heard singing his song not very far in the distance, which makes the WOLF tremble in his turn.*]

RED RIDING HOOD: Oh, there is Hansel down at the foot of the hill. He is chopping down lots of trees to-day. He is so strong. Don't you think so, Mr. Wolf?

WOLF [*to himself*]: Confound his arm, his ax, and his pest of a song. Why doesn't he leave me in peace?

RED RIDING HOOD: What did you say, Mr. Wolf?

WOLF: What did I say? Nothing! I was wondering why you always wear that red cape and hood.

RED RIDING HOOD: But don't you like it, Mr. Wolf?

WOLF: No-o-o, not altogether.

RED RIDING HOOD: But it's a magic hood. My grandmother made it for me and when I wear it nothing in all this world can harm me.

WOLF: I dare say it is very pretty. But who would harm such a sweet delicious child as you?

RED RIDING HOOD: Why, there are bad fairies as well as good ones. Don't you know that, Mr. Wolf?

WOLF: Oh, I see! Which way are you going to your grandmother's, little Red Riding Hood?

RED RIDING HOOD [*pointing*]: I'm going that way, Mr. Wolf.

WOLF: Good! I think I will visit grandmother, too, the dear old thing. You go that way and I will go this

other way and we will see which of us gets there first.

RED RIDING HOOD [*dancing and clapping her hands in joy*]: Oh, goody, goody! Then we will have a race.

WOLF [*also jumping about as if with joy*]: Yes, yes! A race! Are you ready, little Red Riding Hood?

RED RIDING HOOD: Wait a minute, Mr. Wolf! Wait a minute! [*She picks up the basket.*] Yes, I'm ready.

WOLF: One, two, three! Go!

RED RIDING HOOD [*running off in one direction much excited*]: Good-by! Good-by!

[*The WOLF starts running in the other direction but comes back as soon as little RED RIDING HOOD is out of sight. He follows her with his eyes, chuckling to himself.*]

WOLF: In a little red and white cottage—under three big oaks near a hedge of nut trees—that is where my dinner waits for me. [*Still chuckling he dashes off.*]

[*HANSEL is heard singing off stage. His voice gets louder and louder as he appears and crosses the scene in RED RIDING HOOD's direction carrying a bundle of sticks on his back.*]

HANSEL:

I am the executioner,  
My ax is magical.  
I sing and chop  
And chop and sing,  
And everything I touch must drop;  
It's really tragical.

[*Song grows fainter and fainter as curtain falls.*]

SCENE FOUR. *Inside GRANDMOTHER'S cottage. A rather large bed is the most prominent object on the scene. There may be a stool or two and a little table with a flower pot. If possible there should be a door that can be opened and closed, at the end of the stage opposite the bed. When the curtain rises, the WOLF is discovered in bed. He is wearing one of grandmother's nightcaps.*

WOLF [*growling with contentment and expectation*]:

The old woman was tough, tough, tough! Even too tough for the sharp teeth of a wolf! So I swallowed her up whole. But wait until little Red Riding Hood comes. She will be a sweet tender morsel. Why does the child wear that red hood? I could have swallowed her up long ago if it weren't for that red hood. She will surely take it off when she comes here. Then I shall have that sweet tender morsel that my mouth has been watering for these many days. [*He gets up out of bed, goes to the door, opens it a crack and peeps out.*] Everything is still—not a leaf rustling. She certainly should be here. Well, until she comes, a little sleep will be just as sweet.

[*He goes back into bed, covers himself and begins to snore. When the WOLF is fast asleep, HANSEL is heard singing very faintly in the distance.*]

HANSEL:       I am the executioner,  
                  My ax is magical.  
                  I sing and chop  
                  And chop and sing,  
                  And everything I touch must drop;  
                  It's really tragical.

[Everything is still again. There is a knock at the door. It is repeated two or three times.]

RED RIDING HOOD [outside the door]: Grandmother!  
Grandmother!

WOLF [wakes with a start and growls]: Who is there?  
Who is there?

RED RIDING HOOD: It is I, little Red Riding Hood. Open the door, grandmother, and let me in.

WOLF [to himself, licking his chops]: I must sweeten my voice like grandmother's. [aloud] Oh, little Red Riding Hood, I'm too weak to get up and open the door. Just turn back the latch and walk right in.

[The WOLF tries to imitate GRANDMOTHER'S voice. Occasionally he forgets and drops into his own voice. He keeps mixing them throughout the scene. The latch is heard to turn, the door opens, and RED RIDING HOOD comes in.]

RED RIDING HOOD: Good morning, grandmother.

WOLF: Good morning, my dear. You woke me up. I was sound asleep.

RED RIDING HOOD: Are you better to-day, grandmother?

WOLF: No; but I will be very soon. What did you bring me this morning, my dear?

RED RIDING HOOD: Some nice cake and wine, and some bacon and eggs.

[The WOLF becomes so greedy that he forgets altogether to act like grandmother and growls in his most wolfish manner.]

RED RIDING HOOD [lays the basket on the bed, from which



*the WOLF snatches it up very quickly*]: Oh, grandmother, what a harsh voice you have!

WOLF: I caught cold. But all the better for you to hear me with, my dear. Take off your red cloak!

RED RIDING HOOD [*staring at the WOLF not quite certain what to make of it*]: And, grandmother, what big ears you have!

WOLF: All the better for me to hear you with, my dear. Take off your red cloak!

RED RIDING HOOD: And, grandmother, what great big eyes you have!

WOLF: All the better to see you with, my dear. Take off your red cloak!

RED RIDING HOOD: And, grandmother, what long hairy arms you have!

WOLF: All the better to hug you with, my dear. Take off your red cloak!

RED RIDING HOOD: And, grandmother, what great big teeth you have!

WOLF: All the better to eat you with, my dear. Take off your red cloak!

[*With this he leaps out from under the covers and gets ready to spring on little RED RIDING HOOD. But a loud pounding is heard at the door and the WOLF turns his attention to that. Seeing the WOLF, little RED RIDING HOOD screams and hides as best she can. HANSEL rushes in with his ax, ready to meet the WOLF. The WOLF makes an attempt to escape but HANSEL is too quick for him. He strikes him with the ax while he is still on the bed.*]

HANSEL: Not so fast, you old trickster. Digest this if you

can. [*There is a short struggle during which HANSEL gains a complete victory.*] This should keep you quiet.

Our debts are settled now. Come, Red Riding Hood; don't be frightened. The wolf cannot harm you now.

RED RIDING HOOD [*still weeping*]: Yes, Hansel. But where is my grandmother? Poor dear grandmother.

HANSEL: We'll soon find out. [*Calling*] Grandmother! Grandmother! Grandmother!

RED RIDING HOOD: Grandmother!

GRANDMOTHER [*her voice is heard coming from the spot where the wolf is lying*]: Here I am.

HANSEL: Sh! I think I hear her.

[RED RIDING HOOD and HANSEL look all around the room, listening carefully.]

RED RIDING HOOD: Grandmother!

GRANDMOTHER: Here I am.

HANSEL: I think I hear her inside the wolf. [*Puts his ear against the WOLF.*]

RED RIDING HOOD [*does the same*]: Yes, that's where she is. She's inside the wolf.

HANSEL: One moment, grandmother. We will have to chop him open.

[*During this scene GRANDMOTHER can be hiding either under or behind the bed. When the WOLF is killed, he should fall on the bed so that when HANSEL pretends to cut him open with his ax, GRANDMOTHER can emerge from behind him and so appear to be coming from the WOLF's stomach. As he chops, HANSEL sings his song.*]

HANSEL:

I am the executioner,  
My ax is magical.  
I sing and chop  
And chop and sing,  
And everything I touch must drop;  
It's really tragical.

Welcome to daylight, grandmother.

GRANDMOTHER [*appears and rubs her eyes, since the daylight is too much for her after being in that prison*]:  
Oh, Hansel, thank you so much for rescuing me. It was so dark inside that wicked old wolf. I couldn't have lived there another moment. But where is little Red Riding Hood? Where is that child?

RED RIDING HOOD [*jumping into GRANDMOTHER's arms*]: Here I am, grandmother! And I'll never stop and talk to anyone coming through the woods again.

GRANDMOTHER: That's right, dear. You must never stop to talk to anyone when you come through the woods.

HANSEL [*throws the WOLF over his back and drags him off once more singing his song*]:

I am the executioner,  
My ax is magical.  
I sing and chop  
And chop and sing,  
And everything I touch must drop;  
It's really tragical.

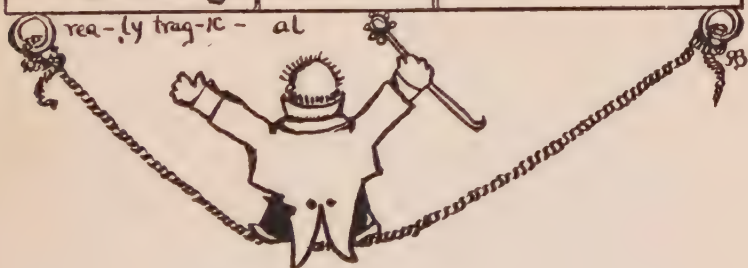
GRANDMOTHER: I am so glad you are safe, my dear. So glad!

[HANSEL's voice can still be heard as the curtain falls.]



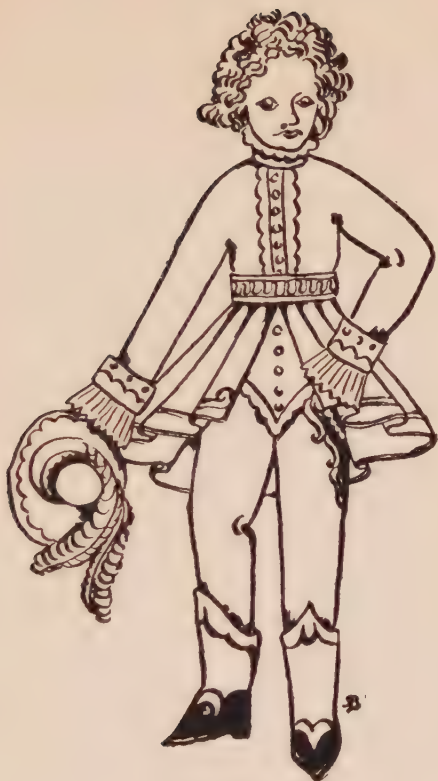
Handwritten musical notation on four staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 2/4. The lyrics are written below the notes.

I am the ex-e-cu-tion-er my  
axe is mag-ic-al I sing and chop and chop and sing  
and eve-ry thing I touch must drop it's  
rea-ly frag-ic-al





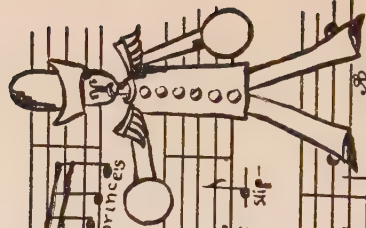




*The Prince.*

CINDERELLA  
OR  
THE GLASS SLIPPER  
A PLAY IN THREE SHORT SCENES

*From the Very Famous Fairy Tale of the Same Name*



ti - my crystal slip - per lum - bes out of the sky out of the dip - per un - to the  
eye love is blind in one eye look search see find it's ma - ke b - ye and slip -  
per slip - per crys - tal boat ga - a - al - op fly - y - y and find the too - too





*Cinderella at the Ball.*

*Characters:*

DAISY	}	the two stepsisters of CINDERELLA
CHARLOTTE		
CINDERELLA'S STEPMOTHER		
CINDERELLA		
THE FAIRY GODMOTHER		
THE PRINCE		
NERO, the butler		
THE PAGE		
LADIES and COURTIERS		



*Daisy at the Ball.*

*Costumes:*

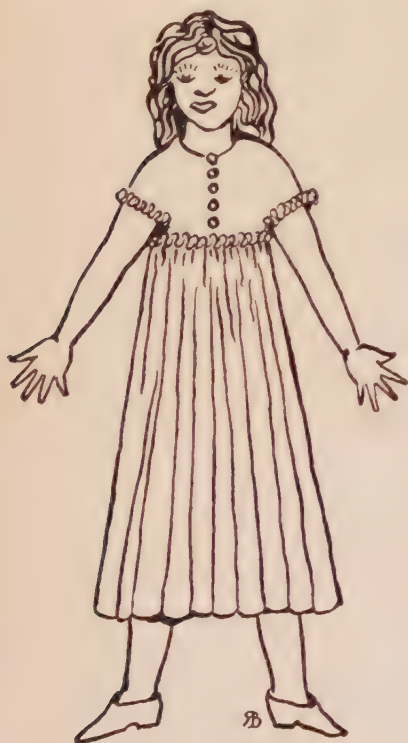
DAISY AT THE BALL: Her costume may be a yellow sateen trimmed with green and gold. Her hat may be fashioned of buckram painted green and trimmed with little green and yellow pompons.

Note: Charlotte's gown should be almost exactly the same but in colors more befitting her temperament.

The gowns of the other lady guests at the ball may be fashioned in the same general style as Cinderella's and her sisters'.

Except in the cases of Charlotte and Daisy the colors of the costumes at the ball should be selected with great care. No costume of any of the guests should be as unique as those of the Prince and Cinderella.

DAISY AT HOME: Daisy's home dress should be of a dull yellow poplin. Charlotte's may be identical.



*Daisy at Home.*



*Cinderella at Home.*



THE STEPMOTHER: Her dress may be made of any coarse material and should be a brown or a gray. The details of her costume should be in keeping with her character, which is not a pleasant one.

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER: The godmother's flowing gown should be of a rich blue sateen. If desired, gold paper stars may be pasted on it in a scattered design. The cuffs and the star halo can be made of buckram painted gold. They are trimmed with brass bells. Her necklace is made of brass bells also. Her wig may be made of tight-fitting blue felt, to which the halo may be sewed. The wand is a stick with a rubber ball at the end trimmed with bells.

CINDERELLA AT HOME: Her dress may be of any coarse drab or brown material. It may also have patches of other colors as well as torn places. Her shoes should be very much worn if she wears any at all.

CINDERELLA AT THE BALL: Cinderella's ball gown should be very delicate and tasteful. The bodice and overskirt is of Nile green silk. The skirt should be of a salmon shade of silk. The trimming should be gold lace. The coronet can be made of buckram or gold paper. The crystal slippers may be obtained by painting a pair of slippers with aluminum paint and covering them with sheet gelatine.

NERO, THE BUTLER: His costume is of blue duvetyn with clear glass buttons and gold braid for trimming. His hat is made of felt or buckram, also blue.

Note: The costumes of the other members of the

Prince's retinue may be modeled after the butler's with slight variation in trimming and color. One person may be both drummer and butler, or the parts may be played by two characters.

**THE PRINCE:** The entire costume of the Prince is of a snow-white duvetyn with trimmings of gold and red. The coat and vest should be lined with red sateen. The cuffs are trimmed with gold lace. The low boots should be of white oilcloth with high sheen. They are trimmed with



*Nero the Butler.*



*Cinderella's Stepmother.*

red sateen. His hat should be of white felt trimmed with white plumes.

Note: The same type of costume should be worn by the gentlemen guests at the ball in a lesser degree of elegance.

Note: In this play, magic is reduced to its simplest and most naïve elements. One thing changes into another just at the mere "say-so" of the fairy' creature.

### *Properties:*

Plate 1. Represents the fireplace, which can be made of beaver board. The arched space where the fire is should open in the middle where the dotted line is, so that the godmother can step through it and make her entrance that way. The effect of the embers is obtained by putting an electric bulb behind red tissue paper.

Plate 2. Is an ordinary kitchen table and chair. The table should be covered with a very large tablecloth that reaches to the floor.

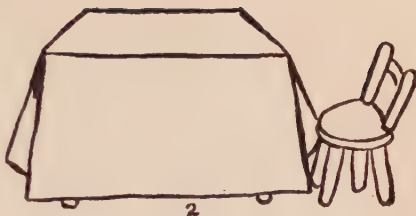
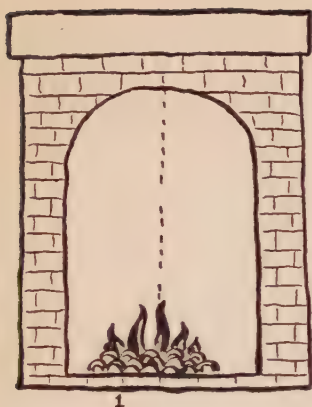
Plate 3. Is a glass bowl filled with fruit.

Plate 4. A statuette: several of which may be cut out of beaver board, painted in gay festive colors and placed around in the ballroom scene. Stars of silver and gold paper may be pasted to the background of the setting.

Plate 5. A toy brass trumpet for the page.

Plate 6. Is a yellow silk cushion holding the crystal slipper.

Plate 7. The drummer's drum.



*Properties for "Cinderella."*



*Cinderella's Godmother.*

## CINDERELLA

SCENE ONE. *A room with a large hearth, the favorite corner of CINDERELLA. The furnishings are a table covered with a large tablecloth that reaches to the floor and two or three stools. There is a door to one side of the stage and a bell cord which rings a bell when pulled.*



*Before the curtain rises a drum and a trumpet are heard in the distance. The curtain goes up, and DAISY and CHARLOTTE are clapping their hands, eager to know what the festive noise is about.*

DAISY: Sh!

CHARLOTTE: A trumpet.

DAISY: A drum.

Voice of PAGE [*accompanied with much beating of drum and blowing of trumpet*]:

Eye to the King's presence,  
Ear to the King's words.

DAISY: It's the King's crier again.

CHARLOTTE: Perhaps it's another grand ball.

Voice of PAGE [*every sentence of his speech should be punctuated with the booming of the drum*]: Faithful, loyal and happy subjects of the King! Young and old, gallant youths and pretty maids, give your ear to the mandate of the King! Grand and gala, splendid and resplendent ball will take place to-night at the royal, spacious, and capacious palace of his generous Majesty, the King! All the ladies, escorted and unescorted, are invited to wear their most entrancing gowns for the eyes of the melancholy Prince to feast upon. The lamps will burn brightly all night. The musicians will never cease their music. Thousands of gay feet will dance till dawn. The Prince will dance with many ladies. Before morning he will choose a bride. You have heard the King's word! Do not fail the King!

*[The sound of the trumpet and drum grows fainter and fainter as the royal procession goes off in the distance. The two sisters listen until the drums can be heard no longer, then they return to the center of the stage.]*

DAISY: I will wear my new velvet gown.

CHARLOTTE: I'll wear my diamond stomacher.

DAISY: The Prince is to choose a wife.

CHARLOTTE: My beauty will not escape him.

DAISY: Neither will your nose, darling. He'll see that first, then he'll smile at me.

CHARLOTTE: And, say, what comfortable feet you have. You'll never fall with those as anchors.

DAISY: The Prince will fall in love with me!

CHARLOTTE: With me!

DAISY: With me!

DAISY and CHARLOTTE: With me! Me!

STEPMOTHER'S voice: Cinderella! Cinderella!

*[Suddenly the STEPSISTERS cease their quarrel at the sound of CINDERELLA's name.]*

CHARLOTTE: We forgot our stepsister. He may choose Cinderella.

DAISY: Of course we did forget her.

*[They both laugh mockingly.]*

DAISY: She has no time to see the Prince. She must watch the fire and see that the smoke goes up the chimney straight.

CHARLOTTE: And sing the ashes to sleep.

DAISY: It is the Prince who will have to visit her.

CHARLOTTE *[calling to CINDERELLA]*: Cinders!

DAISY: Cinderella!

CHARLOTTE: Cinders!

DAISY: Oh, Cinderella!

CHARLOTTE: Where is that Cinders?

DAISY: Now, sister, you go a tiny bit too far. You must call her Cinderella!

CHARLOTTE: Ha, ha, ha, you goose! The "ella" is unnecessary and wasteful.

DAISY: Remember we are grand ladies and should talk as such.

CHARLOTTE: Very true. Cinderella!

DAISY and CHARLOTTE [*calling and getting more and more impatient*]: Cinderella! Cinderella! Cinderella!

STEPMOTHER'S voice: Stop your yelling in there! Cinderella is on the roof dusting the chimney. Didn't I tell you that yelling makes your voices coarse?

[*The following speeches are shouted in answer to their mother who is off stage.*]

DAISY: It is getting late. I'll never be ready for the ball.

I must have Cinderella. My shoes need polishing!

CHARLOTTE: My hair needs fixing!

DAISY: My stocking has a hole in it.

CHARLOTTE: My dress has two hooks off it.

DAISY: My bodice needs to be tightened.

CHARLOTTE: And my ribbons tied.

DAISY and CHARLOTTE: My petticoat needs ironing.

DAISY: The floor should be scrubbed.

CHARLOTTE: The table cleaned.

DAISY: The pots and the pans.

CHARLOTTE: And the linen is dirty.

DAISY and CHARLOTTE [*shouting more loudly than ever*]: Cinderella! Cinderella! Cinderella!

STEPMOTHER [*rushing in very much annoyed and shouting with no better manners herself*]: Stop yelling! Stop! Stop! I spend so much time and money to make you beautiful and the result is you croak like frogs. How can I ever find rich and elegant husbands for you if you continue with those manners? Call more sweetly, like this: "Cinderella!"

[*She calls CINDERELLA as sweetly as possible, but it is more like crowing than anything else, as she prolongs the last vowel.*]

DAISY and CHARLOTTE [*imitating their mother*]: Cinderella!

STEPMOTHER: That's better! Anyway, ring the bell when you want her. The bell, darlings! You must learn some time. Now don't forget it. I'll send the little fool in to wait on you. [*She goes off and a moment later she is heard calling very raucously.*] Cinderella! Cinderella! Come down here at once.

DAISY: Mother is right. We shouldn't yell. And we must not forget that it is proper to ring.

[*CHARLOTTE pulls the bell cord which rings the bell. Both sisters then take elegant poses and wait for CINDERELLA.*]

CINDERELLA [*entering and speaking in a meek, gentle voice*]: Do you want me, sisters?

CHARLOTTE: Yes, Cinderella. It's time to get ready for the ball. Fix my hair for me!

DAISY: Polish my shoes!

CHARLOTTE: Sew hooks on my dress!

DAISY: Darn my stockings!

CHARLOTTE: Lace me up!

DAISY: Tighten my bodice!

CHARLOTTE: Tie my ribbons!

DAISY: Iron my petticoat!

CHARLOTTE: Look at the dirty floor!

DAISY: Scrub it!

CHARLOTTE: Scour the pots!

DAISY: And the table!

CHARLOTTE: Wash the linen!

DAISY: And hurry and make the beds!

*[The two sisters pull and jostle poor little CINDERELLA from one end of the room to the other, making her do this and that but not allowing her to finish anything because all they want is to see her miserable. CINDERELLA says nothing, but tries to obey her cruel sisters, holding back her tears while they torment her in this fashion.]*

CINDERELLA: All right, sisters.

CHARLOTTE: Look at your hands! What dirt! Your hands are always dirty! Don't you ever look in the glass?

CINDERELLA: But you said I would be wasting my time in front of it.

DAISY: Never mind looking in the glass! Leave that kind of thing to us who are ladies. You can wash your face and hands without looking in the glass! Here, polish my shoes!

*[The same nagging is repeated with even greater speed and heartlessness.]*



CHARLOTTE: Tie my ribbons!

DAISY: Lace me up!

CHARLOTTE: Fix my hair!

DAISY: Iron my petticoat!

CHARLOTTE and DAISY: Paint my lips, my eyes, my cheeks!

DAISY: Polish my shoes!

CHARLOTTE: Trim my nails!

DAISY: Powder my nose!

DAISY and CHARLOTTE: Hurry! Quick! Stir yourself! Move! Lazy good-for-nothing!

*[They practically beat her off the scene to fetch their clothes. Having demonstrated their authority, they relax a few moments and sit down to fan themselves like two great ladies waiting to be served. CINDERELLA comes back, bringing in CHARLOTTE's gown which she is planning to wear to the ball. She helps CHARLOTTE get into it, but of course nothing that she does pleases the haughty CHARLOTTE who, during the ceremony, taunts CINDERELLA with little, insulting remarks such as "clumsy fingers," "wait a minute," "not that way, stupid." DAISY helps by laughing and chuckling and saying inaudible nothings, all of which CINDERELLA takes very patiently. When CHARLOTTE is in her gown, CINDERELLA goes off to fetch DAISY's. In the meantime CHARLOTTE struts about admiring herself, pulling here, arranging there, asking DAISY how she looks, and other little things that easily occur to ladies. CINDERELLA then returns and the ceremony of dressing DAISY begins with very much the same procedure as in CHARLOTTE's case. The two sisters can also help each*

*other to dress. This whole scene should create an atmosphere of great excitement with CINDERELLA as the butt of all the unpleasant remarks. The two sisters are finally dressed and the scene continues.]*

DAISY: Get the mirror, Cinderella.

*[CINDERELLA fetches a large hand mirror which the sisters fight over to admire themselves in.]*

DAISY: This velvet and lace ought to make the ball spin.

I'm glad I didn't have the cloth-of-gold dress made.

CHARLOTTE: This diamond stomacher and my gold-flowered manteau will make eyes sparkle.

DAISY and CHARLOTTE: It's such a relief to be rich.

CHARLOTTE: Wouldn't you like to go to the ball, Cinderella?

CINDERELLA: It's not for simple maids like me.

CHARLOTTE: You are right. The people would laugh at you.

DAISY: With your cinderish clothes.

CHARLOTTE: With your simple speech.

DAISY: And your ignorant ways. There will be handsome princes there.

CHARLOTTE: And elegant courtiers.

DAISY: And very fancy ladies.

CHARLOTTE: And music and dancing and singing and wooing.

DAISY: Wouldn't you like to go to the ball, Cinderella?

CINDERELLA: If you would let me wear one of your cast-off gowns, I would gladly go and just sit in a corner and look on.

DAISY and CHARLOTTE: Ha, ha, ha! You are so funny, sister. You would be like a lost sparrow among birds of paradise. You would stop the ball.

[*The coachman's trumpet is heard.*]

STEPMOTHER'S voice: Hurry! Hurry, children! The coach is waiting for us!

DAISY: Come. We must go. The coach is waiting for us, sister.

CHARLOTTE: Good-by, Cinderella. We'll tell you all about it to-morrow.

CINDERELLA: Good-by, sisters, and good luck to you.

[*The sisters make a great ado and bustle as they get ready to go off, for they want to make sure that they are leaving nothing behind. Their giggling and chattering are heard off stage, mingled with the STEPMOTHER'S voice urging them to "Hurry up! Hurry!" Finally the sound of horses' hoofs and the coachman's whip and trumpet dies out in the distance. CINDERELLA waves in the direction of the coach a few moments. Then when all is very still she feels very lonely. She sits by the hearth and begins to sob with her face in her hands. She sobs and sobs until her sobs turn into words and she says—*]

CINDERELLA: I wish, I wish, I wish, I wish——

[*There is the sound of jingling bells resembling sleigh bells first from one point in the room, then another. CINDERELLA looks about her and listens. She then sobs once more with her face in her hands, continuing to say, "I wish, I wish." Suddenly the back of the hearth disappears like a sliding door, and the FAIRY GODMOTHER steps through it and comes on the stage, unseen by CINDERELLA.*

*She touches CINDERELLA gently on the head with her wand. Then she makes a pirouette which sets all her bells a-jingling. CINDERELLA starts and beholds the GODMOTHER standing over her.]*

GODMOTHER: I know your wish, Cinderella. You wish that you, too, could go to the ball to-night. Is it not so?

CINDERELLA: Yes, I do wish it, godmother. But it isn't any use.

GODMOTHER: Who knows? Perhaps you will go. Miracles still happen. They still happen, child.

CINDERELLA: Oh, godmother, I would love to go to the ball. I want to see the Prince. They say he is very handsome. I want to see the million lights.

GODMOTHER: The Prince is very, very handsome. You may still dance with him.

CINDERELLA: Oh, godmother! My sisters have been talking about him and the court for weeks. I can just see everything.

GODMOTHER: Well, we shall see. Go into the garden, Cinderella, and bring me one of the large pumpkins.

CINDERELLA: Yes, godmother. [*She brings in the pumpkin.*]

GODMOTHER: Good! Now fetch the mousetrap and let us see what is in it.

CINDERELLA: Yes, godmother. [*She gets the mousetrap.*]

GODMOTHER: One, two, three, four, five, six nice plump little mice. Good! Just right! Now, Cinderella dear, hold your eyes so that they don't pop out of your head, for I am going to do a little magic trick for you. Let

us put them all in a pot and see what a porridge they'll make.

*[She takes the pumpkin and throws it off the stage. Then she throws the mousetrap. These can be caught by some one who is standing there ready. She then begins her incantation—see below—making great circles with her wand and jingling the bells. If possible the lights on the stage should go on and off during the magic scene. When the incantation is all finished a rather dim blue light should pervade the stage. The neighing of horses and the cracking of a whip are heard. Suddenly a huge shadow of the magic coach and horses is thrown on the wall, through the open door. This can be done with an electric bulb behind a cardboard cut-out of the coach and horses, held by some one in the wings at a proper angle.]*

GODMOTHER:

Big pumpkin, little mice,  
Count the gains and ditch the losses.  
Shake and mix  
Stones and sticks;  
Rattle like the loaded dice.  
Out and in,  
Wood and tin,  
Glass and tinsel make a din.  
Bara, bora, bura,  
Pumpkin be coach and mice be horses!

CINDERELLA: Oh, godmother, how lovely!

*[She claps her hands and dances for joy.]*

GODMOTHER: Step in the coach, little Cinderella! The coach is ready to take you to the ball.



CINDERELLA: But look at these rags, godmother. How could I go like this?

GODMOTHER: My, my! What a difficult child to please! Get under the tablecloth. Count ten.

*[She lifts the end of the tablecloth that is farthest backstage and holds it over CINDERELLA's head.]*

CINDERELLA: One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten.

*[While she is counting, CINDERELLA slips on the beautiful gown, that has been hidden under the table all through the scene, over her ragged dress which she already has on. At the count of ten the GODMOTHER jerks the tablecloth away and CINDERELLA appears in all her elegance.]*

CINDERELLA: Oh, godmother, I feel so different.

GODMOTHER: You look a little different, dear. Step into the coach, now. You haven't much time to waste. Listen well and remember one thing, Cinderella. You must leave this ball before midnight, no matter what happens to detain you. If you remain one moment after midnight has struck, everything will vanish. The horses and coachman will change back to mice. The coach will turn to a pumpkin and your pretty dress will fall in rags about you. So keep your eye on the clock and listen for the stroke of the hour.

CINDERELLA: I will remember, godmother dear, and I will leave in plenty of time. I can't give you enough thanks.

GODMOTHER: Never mind the thanks. Be full of joy at the ball and remember the clock. *[CINDERELLA goes*

*out through the door and presumably gets inside the coach. The GODMOTHER then whips her wand, spins around so all the bells jingle. The horses are heard neighing and soon they are trotting off in the distance.]*

Giddap, my fine ones, giddap! Run! The cat is coming. Meow. Meow. S-S-S-S-S. ....

*[And the curtain falls.]*

SCENE TWO. *The ballroom in the PRINCE's palace.*

*It is brilliantly lighted with many colored lights hanging from the ceiling. Tall pillars go out of sight in the air. Festoons of colored paper and gold and silver tinsel cord make the room look very bright and gay. Before the curtain rises gay dance music and many voices laughing and talking are heard. The curtain rises and discloses ladies in beautiful gowns and courtiers and young men dressed in many-colored costumes, dancing around the pillars and making merry. The PRINCE is dancing with DAISY in the center of the floor.*

DAISY: You have such light feet, Prince. How you dance!

PRINCE: You have such a light head, lady. It doesn't wrinkle my shoulder at all.

DAISY: Oh, thank you, Prince. It's nice music.

PRINCE: Yes. The music is very fine.

DAISY: Oh, thank you, Prince. We do agree so.

*[The music suddenly stops. While the PRINCE and DAISY are talking, the music and laughing should not stop, but in order that the dialogue may be heard it should become subdued, only to break forth again when the dia-*

*logue ceases for a few seconds. Every time the music stops the guests should form in careless groups, laugh and chat.]*

CHARLOTTE [*rushing up to the PRINCE and stepping between him and DAISY*]: Here I am, Prince. This is our dance. You remember?

PRINCE: Oh, is it? I don't remember.

DAISY [*pushing her away*]: But it hasn't started yet. The Prince wishes to go in the garden for a few minutes.

CHARLOTTE: But the dance is about to begin.

DAISY: It isn't!

CHARLOTTE: It is!

DAISY: It isn't!

CHARLOTTE: It is!

DAISY: It isn't!

CHARLOTTE: It is!

DAISY: It isn't!

CHARLOTTE: It is!

*[As they quarrel they gradually push and pull each other off the stage, while the PRINCE, amused, seeks refuge in the company of some other guests.]*

*[NERO, the butler, enters and approaches the PRINCE.]*

NERO: Your Highness, a strange Princess has just arrived.

Will you be so good as to receive her? She seems very shy but very grand.

PRINCE: Where did she come from?

NERO: She didn't say, your Highness. But I'm sure she is some remarkable princess. She arrived in a coach that is even grander than yours, if your Highness will pardon

me. Her gown dazzles with jewels and her feet are like glass doves.

PRINCE: Take me to her.

NERO: Your Highness!

*[He bows and leads the PRINCE off the scene. The guests, as though attracted by this newcomer, all follow the PRINCE. CHARLOTTE and DAISY reënter still quarrelling and still saying, "It is!" "It isn't!"]*

CHARLOTTE *[suddenly discovering the absence of the PRINCE]*: There! He's gone. You're so jealous, sister.

DAISY: You're too anxious, sister. But he'll come back. The music hasn't started yet.

CHARLOTTE: We'll see! I wonder if he has chosen his bride yet?

DAISY: Who knows? The night is still young. He said some nice things to me, about my head and things.

CHARLOTTE: Really? Could he have said the same thing to you as he said to me?

DAISY: Oh, no! Impossible! He's too true and loyal.

CHARLOTTE: Yes, yes. He couldn't have said to anybody else the pretty things he said to me.

DAISY and CHARLOTTE: My Prince!

*[Exclamations of wonder are heard off stage which attract the attention of DAISY and CHARLOTTE.]*

CHARLOTTE *[getting a glimpse of CINDERELLA]*: Look, sister! A new lady has arrived!

DAISY: A grand lady! What jewels! What a manner!

CHARLOTTE: She is very pretty, too.

DAISY: Yes. She is beautiful. The Prince's lips seem to

be glued to her hand. Look at her feet. Did you ever see such slippers? They're made of crystal.

[*The music begins to play again and it seems to be a special number for the PRINCE and CINDERELLA, who presently appear on the stage, dancing together. The other guests follow, also dancing. All are very much impressed by CINDERELLA and whisper all sorts of compliments to each other such as: "Isn't she magnificent!" "Unbelievable!" "Who is she?" "It looks like the Princess of the Moon." "What feet!" "Crystal without a doubt!" "They must be diamonds." "What a lovely face." "The PRINCE is smiling at last!" "At last!"*]

CHARLOTTE: There goes my dance. The Prince is dancing with the newcomer. See what you have done for me!

DAISY: Here he comes. Tell the Prince about it.

[*She goes off dancing with one of the guests.*]

CINDERELLA [*as she is dancing with the PRINCE*]: Oh, Prince, you mustn't flatter me.

CHARLOTTE [*who is following the PRINCE around as he dances with CINDERELLA*]: Oh, Prince, this is our dance. Don't you remember?

PRINCE [*who pays no heed whatsoever to CHARLOTTE, continues to CINDERELLA*]: Your eyes are so blue, your hair is so soft, your hands are so small, and your feet are so precious.

CINDERELLA: Oh, thank you, Prince. But I'm really not what you think.

PRINCE: How is it that I have never seen you or heard of you before? [*stopping for a moment*] Who are you, Princess?



CINDERELLA: I'll tell you a little later, Prince. Let us dance now. You dance divinely.

PRINCE: Tell me who you are, my sweet Princess. I have been as one asleep, but now I am awake to life. What is your name?

CINDERELLA: I can't tell you now, Prince. I promise to tell you later.

CHARLOTTE: Prince, you promised the dance to me.

PRINCE: I hope the music never stops, Princess. You dance so well. [*They dance another turn or two and the music does stop.*] It will start again. Let us have some fruit. Nero! Bring fruit! I seem to have been waiting for you, strange Princess.

CINDERELLA: Oh, Prince. You are too good to me.

[*NERO enters with a large tray of fruit. The clock begins to strike the hour of ten, the sound of which makes CINDERELLA start violently.*]

PRINCE: Why do you start, strange Princess?

CINDERELLA: The clock has such a peculiar sound. [*Inviting her two STEPSISTERS who do not recognize her in the least.*] Will you have some fruit, pretty ladies? Here are oranges and peaches and grapes.

DAISY and CHARLOTTE: Oh, thank you, Princess. We would like some fruit.

[*They take the fruit from the tray. NERO passes the tray among the other guests and finally goes off. The music starts again. The PRINCE turns to CINDERELLA.*]

PRINCE: Come, Princess, let us dance.

CINDERELLA: Gladly, Prince.

DAISY: The Prince is dancing with her again.



CHARLOTTE: Lucky girl!

[CINDERELLA and the PRINCE appear and disappear among the guests. The clock begins to strike eleven. CINDERELLA stops dancing very suddenly and counts the strokes.]

CINDERELLA: Wait, Prince! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven. I must leave, Prince. You must excuse me.

PRINCE: Nonsense, sweet Princess. The dance is only beginning.

CINDERELLA: I really must go. It is getting late.

PRINCE: But it is so early. When you leave, I will escort you home with a thousand torches. Come dance, strange Princess.

CINDERELLA: Only a little longer, Prince.

[CINDERELLA is persuaded to dance, and the PRINCE whirls her off the scene. In a few seconds all the dancing couples disappear in the direction of the PRINCE and CINDERELLA, leaving the stage empty except for DAISY and CHARLOTTE.]

CHARLOTTE: The Prince only dances with her.

DAISY: How she dances!

CHARLOTTE: Quite as well as the Prince himself.

[The STEPSISTERS sigh audibly.]

NERO [enters]: Will you give me the pleasure of a dance with you, madam?

CHARLOTTE: Oh, certainly. If it will give you much pleasure.

NERO: It will give me very much pleasure.

CHARLOTTE: With pleasure. [They dance together.]

NERO: Thank you, madam. [*To DAISY*] Will you do me the honor to dance with me, madam?

DAISY: Yes, yes. If you consider it such an honor.

NERO: Such a great honor.

DAISY: Honored. [*They dance.*]

NERO: This is the first real dance I've had to-night.

DAISY. The moon is lovely through the trees.

NERO: Oh, yes, it's a very pretty moon. Let us go and look at it.

[*NERO and DAISY go off followed by CHARLOTTE, leaving the stage completely empty. In a few seconds the music also stops and there is a moment of dead empty silence. Then the clock begins to strike the ominous midnight hour very slowly. At about the third stroke the quick little steps of CINDERELLA are heard running toward the stage and she herself soon comes in looking very much frightened.*]

CINDERELLA: Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear! I'll be lost!

Where's the door? How do I get out? It must be down those stairs! Five, six, oh, dear! I clean forgot the time. Eight! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Run! Run! Ten!

[*During this speech she turns about this way and that very perversely, not knowing where to run. She finally dashes off, and soon afterward a great door is heard to slam just as the twelfth stroke is struck. The PRINCE, who has been so suddenly deserted, rushes on to the scene looking about and calling frantically.*]

PRINCE [*coming down stage and looking out over the audience as if seeking for CINDERELLA in the distance*]:

Princess! Princess! [*The music is playing rather softly.*]

*The guests slowly appear by ones and twos at the back of the scene, on tiptoes and whispering to each other as if sensing that something has happened.*] Princess! Princess! Wait! Wait! Oh, Princess! Where are you, Princess? My Princess! Where are you, Princess? Princess!

NERO [*dashing in*]: What is it, your Highness?

PRINCE: Where did the strange Princess go? She seemed to disappear.

NERO: I saw her go down those stairs, Prince.

PRINCE: Run! See if you can catch her.

NERO: Your Highness. [*And he bolts off.*]

NERO [*makes his return carrying something very carefully in his hands. It is a glass slipper.*]: Your Highness.

PRINCE: Yes! Quick! Where is she?

NERO [*holding up the glass slipper*]: This is the only trace I could find of her, Prince. The night is as still and empty as—as—could be. I found this at the foot of the stairs jammed in the door, like the scrap of bone at the wolf's mouth.

PRINCE [*taking the slipper very affectionately*]: Her slipper.

[*The guests in chorus*]: A glass slipper!

PRINCE: Her tiny glass slipper.

[*The guests in chorus*]: So tiny!

PRINCE: So small a slipper can only . . .

NERO: Fit the foot it belongs to.

PRINCE: Stop the music! Let the dancing cease. The ball is over.

NERO [*steps up to the middle of the stage, turns to the guests and says*]: Good night!

[*At this the guests vanish.*]

PRINCE: Nero, go to every mansion, cottage, and hut in the kingdom. Let every maid, rich and poor, try this slipper. I proclaim that she who can wear this slipper with ease shall be my wife, for she must be the strange princess. Start the search immediately.

NERO: Your Highness, immediately.

[*The PRINCE makes his melancholy exit. NERO claps his hands and a page with a silken cushion appears, followed by a drummer boy and a page who carries a trumpet. The slipper is placed on the silken cushion. NERO indicates the direction and they file off the scene beating the drum and blowing the trumpet. The curtain falls.*]

SCENE THREE is exactly the same as SCENE ONE. CHARLOTTE and DAISY still in their ball gowns are sitting dejectedly at the table. CINDERELLA is in her fated corner with the cinders, but she has thoughts of her own.

CHARLOTTE: Poor Prince!

DAISY: Poor, poor Prince.

DAISY and CHARLOTTE: Poor Prince.

DAISY: Aren't you sorry for the Prince, Cinderella?

CINDERELLA: I don't know, I didn't see the Princess.

DAISY: That's right, you unlucky maid. She was so beautiful, Cinderella, and so kind and generous.

CHARLOTTE: She gave us oranges and peaches.

DAISY: And how she could dance! The Prince would dance with no one else.

CHARLOTTE: Poor Prince. If he doesn't find her, he will surely die.

DAISY: They say he hasn't slept a wink.

CHARLOTTE: Not a wink! Poor Prince! Aren't you sorry for him, Cinderella?

DAISY: Your heart must be like those cinders you sit in.

CINDERELLA: I am very sorry for the Prince.

CINDERELLA, DAISY and CHARLOTTE: Poor Prince.

*[A drum and a trumpet are heard in the distance. At the sound the two STEPSISTERS rush to the door.]*

CHARLOTTE: The coach with the little glass slipper is coming.

DAISY: Hurry!

CHARLOTTE: Wash your feet!

DAISY: New stockings!

CHARLOTTE: Perfume!

DAISY: Cinderella, quick!

CHARLOTTE: I have fasted ever since that night to make my feet smaller.

DAISY: I have squeezed my feet a dozen times a day.

CHARLOTTE: Tidy up the place!

DAISY: They are outside the door.

*[The heralds of the slipper are heard drawing nearer and nearer. In this scene somewhat the same confusion and helter-skelter bustle takes place as in the first scene when the SISTERS are getting ready for the ball.]*

CHARLOTTE: This must be the very next house.

DAISY: I still have hope, sister.

CHARLOTTE: I, too, sister.

DAISY: Hurry! Hurry!

*[A chorus of voices burst into song just outside the door. They sing the song of the little glass slipper which has caused the PRINCE so much joy and pain]:*

A tiny crystal slipper  
Tumbled out of the sky,  
Out of the dipper  
Into the Prince's eye.  
Love is blind,  
Blind in one eye.  
Look, search, seek, find  
Its mate by and by.  
Slipper, slipper, crystal boot,  
Gallop, fly, and find the foot.

*[The drum and trumpet are heard once more as the prelude to the entrance of the PAGE. His proclamation is punctuated with the beating of the drum as was his previous announcement in the first scene.]*

PAGE *[outside]*: It is the royal wish of his Highness, the Prince of the kingdom, of the King, of his obedient, loyal and humble subjects, that every maid in the mentioned kingdom who has feet on the legs of her body should try, essay or otherwise endeavor to fit the little glass slipper that was left behind in the mysterious midnight flight of the foot. The next maid, matron, mademoiselle or signorina will now do the slipper the courtesies to endeavor to effect an entrance.

*[At the conclusion of the speech NERO enters followed by the bearer of the glass slipper, who in turn is followed by the little page who beats the drum and the one who blows the trumpet.]*



DAISY: Here is my foot.

NERO: The slipper.

[*The drummer beats the drum and the other page blows the horn. The slipper-bearer puts down the silken cushion with the slipper and DAISY comes forward to try her luck.*]

DAISY [*puffing and pulling*]: This is a funny slipper.

The harder I press the smaller it seems to get. I'm all tired out and my foot is still half on the outside.

NERO: If you are satisfied of the unfitness, madam, allow the next one to try.

DAISY: My sister, try your fortune. I'll be a cripple if I try any more.

CHARLOTTE [*going through the same performance, using every means in her power to force the foot into the slipper*]: It shrinks! It doesn't stretch! It seems to have teeth that bite the foot! Ouch!

NERO: Next!

DAISY: No one else in this house, Mr. Page.

NERO: No other maidens in this house? Look well! Seek! Search! Investigate!

DAISY and CHARLOTTE: We are the only maidens in the house, Mr. Page.

NERO: Let us depart to the next house.

[*The glass slipper procession starts to go, then NERO changes his mind and stops. Through this whole performance of trying the slipper CINDERELLA has been hidden from sight by the table which the sisters have carefully pushed toward the fireplace early in scene so that the maid in rags may not be seen.*]

NERO: Are you sure there are no other maidens in this house? I have a peculiar feeling—an odd, queer, funny, obstinate feeling—funny.

DAISY and CHARLOTTE: No one else, Mr. Page.

CINDERELLA: Excepting poor me!

NERO: Ah, ha! Where is that voice?

CINDERELLA: Over here. Next to the cinders.

[DAISY and CHARLOTTE go toward the spot where CINDERELLA is sitting and make various gestures to keep her quiet and out of sight.]

CHARLOTTE: She's just Cinderella.

DAISY: She doesn't count.

NERO: Cinders or cornwhiskers! My orders are my commands! If the maid has a foot, she shall try the slipper!

CINDERELLA: I have both feet.

DAISY: It's an insult to the Prince. She is all covered with ashes. She has no education or fine manners or elegant speech.

NERO: My orders are to look for feet and nothing else.

[He pushes the STEPSISTERS out of the way and helps CINDERELLA to her feet.] Young maiden, will your foot do the slipper the courtesy?

CINDERELLA: Gladly, Mr. Page.

NERO: The slipper!

[The drum and trumpet play, and with no effort at all CINDERELLA's foot slips into the glass slipper.]

CHARLOTTE: What an insult!

DAISY: What an affront!

CHARLOTTE: What an affront!

DAISY: What an insult!

NERO: Look, it fits! How very easily it fits!

DAISY and CHARLOTTE: What! It fits?

CINDERELLA: It does fit. I knew it would fit.

CHARLOTTE: How disgraceful!

DAISY: How shocking!

PAGE [*in great wonder at the sight of the two glass slippers on CINDERELLA's feet, for CINDERELLA has been wearing the other slipper and hiding it very carefully all the time*]: And what is that other one?

CINDERELLA: Oh, that's the lost slipper's mate that I wore at the ball.

[*They all crowd about CINDERELLA, the PAGE, the drummer, and the STEPSISTERS, eager to have a glimpse of the impossible, exclaiming all at the same time: "Its mate!" "It fits!" "Two glass slippers!" "At the ball!" "Ah!"*]

NERO [*with loud authority*]: Silence! [*Goes to the door and proclaims his information to those waiting outside.*]: It fits! It fits! Let all the kingdom hear that it fits!

[*Chorus of off-stage voices*]: It fits! It fits!

NERO [*still in the door*]: His Highness, the Prince, may step out of the coach and enter, for this is the house where the little glass slipper abides and fits. [*The trumpet and drums hail the PRINCE.*] The Prince!

PRINCE [*enters to music and goes straight to CINDERELLA and kisses her hand*]: Sweet Princess of the crystal slippers, I know you now without your fine gown.

CHARLOTTE: But, your Highness, she is Cinderella, princess of the cinders.

DAISY: There in the fireplace!

PRINCE: Cinderella! What a celestial name! Angels have fallen from the sky in the form of burning cinders. Could anyone be more a Princess than the Princess of these angels? Come into my coach, Princess Cinderella.

CINDERELLA: Gladly, Prince. Good-by for the present, sisters. I'll send for you at court. Don't be angry with me if my foot had the impudence to fit the slipper when yours would not.

DAISY and CHARLOTTE: We are so happy for you, sister! So very happy! [*The PRINCE leads CINDERELLA out to the coach. The rest of the entourage follow, winding up with the PAGE, who blows his trumpet, and the drummer who beats his drum. As soon as the royal procession is past the door, the two SISTERS began to stamp, wrangle, and tear their hair at their misfortune and CINDERELLA's good fortune. But the song of the crystal slipper outside drowns their voices*]:

A tiny crystal slipper  
Tumbled out of the sky,  
Out of the dipper  
Into the Prince's eye.  
Love is blind,  
Blind in one eye.  
Look, search, seek, find  
Its mate by and by.  
Slipper, slipper, crystal boot,  
Gallop, fly and find the foot.

CURTAIN

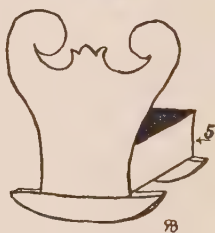
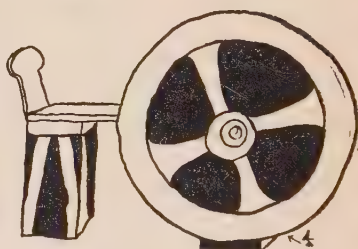
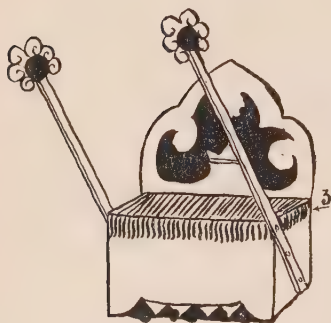


*Rumpelstiltskin.*

# RUMPELSTILTSKIN

A PLAY IN SIX SCENES

*From the Fairy Tale of the Brothers Grimm*



*Properties for "Rumpelstiltskin."*





*The Miller.*

*Characters:*

THE KING

PETER, the servant to the King

THE MILLER

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER, who becomes Queen

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

THE PRIEST

*Costumes:*

THE KING: Crown: cardboard, painted red, gold, and green; bell on top. Cape: white flannelet or wooly material with pieces of black fur or other wooly material; trimmed with bells. Robe: Purple or bright blue sateen with border of same material as the cape. Shoes: Ordinary slippers covered with buckram, painted gold or green or any color already in the costume. Bell on each. Scepter: A

*The Priest.**The King.*

stick of wood with cardboard ends, painted gold with daubs of red, green or black. Beard: Rope hooked around the ears.

THE PRIEST: Robe: gray duvetyn or sateen. Red cord. Any large book, such as a geography covered with gold paper. Wig: a buckram hat crown painted flesh-color with a fringe of wool attached for hair.

THE MILLER: Jerkin, trousers, and sabots of natural-colored burlap. Sabots tied with twine to keep them in place. Hat: old felt hat of any color.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER: Dress: any drab or brown material. Belt, button and lacing of yellow. Any old shoes.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER AFTER SHE BECOMES QUEEN: Crown: gold paper trimmed with green. Cape: white duvetyn or radium silk with gold paper stars appliquéd and trimmed along the edges with green sateen. Gold buttons.

PETER: Coat of black duvetyn; trimmings of white, with silver buttons. Trousers of white duvetyn trimmed with black. Hat made of buckram, painted black and trimmed with silver and two red feathers. Key made of thin wood painted gold. Shoes, ordinary slippers covered with black duvetyn cut to pattern. Epaulets can be made of buckram painted silver.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Jerkin and trousers, rather tight-fitting, of olive-green burlap. Cap of the same, with a red cardboard crown. Beard of natural-colored hemp rope, made to hook around the ears. Shoes: ordinary slippers covered with red burlap cut to pattern. Belt, red burlap.

*Properties:*

Plate 1. Represents a clump of trees that will be needed for the forest. Any desired number may be made. The foliage and underbrush are cut out of cardboard and painted in varying shades of green and black. The trunks are made of thin wood. When put together with tacks it should be nailed to an ordinary wooden box at the bottom so that it stands up.

Plate 2. Rumpelstiltskin's fire. Cut out of cardboard painted red and yellow and nailed to a box with the open side up. An electric bulb should be put in the box and the box then covered with a piece of red tissue paper. This will produce a red fire-like glow. The box should always be hidden from the audience by the cardboard design.

Plate 3. The King's throne. Cut the back of the throne of very heavy cardboard and tack it to an ordinary box, solid side up, strong enough to sit on. The decorations are two sticks of thin wood with cardboard ends. Work out the design in red, gold and black paint.

Plate 4. The spinning-wheel: Nail a short plank across two ordinary wooden boxes, solid side up. Cut a large wheel of cardboard, make a hole in the center, reinforcing it by tacking a piece of wood there so that the hole goes through cardboard and wood. Nail it to one end of the structure and make it turn. Nail a small wooden back to the box which is to be the seat. Paint the design in yellow and black.

Plate 5. The cradle. Take an ordinary box and if you wish the cradle to rock, make runners out of two pieces of wood and nail them to the bottom. Cut the head piece of

the cradle out of cardboard and tack to one end of the box. Paint the whole cradle gold except for the inside and the decoration in the middle of the head piece, which should be green.

Plate 6. Map. Is made of paper painted in many colors.

*Peter.**The Miller's Daughter.*

## RUMPELSTILTSKIN

There are six scenes. All of these scenes with one exception take place inside the palace of the King and their differences are indicated by the properties used such as the throne for the king, the spinning-wheel and the cradle. The other one takes place in the forest.

SCENE ONE. *The throne room of the KING. The KING is seated on his throne and his servant PETER stands at one side.*

PETER: The same old miller is here again, your Majesty.

KING: Again? Nuisance!

PETER: He says he has a great secret.

KING: Secret? Ha, ha, ha! Well! Let him come in. Is my crown on straight? Bring him! Bring him in!

[PETER goes out and returns with the MILLER. He is an ignorant fellow who can have a lisp or other fault in his manner of speech. He is covered with flour.]

MILLER [looking around]: Where is the King? [to the KING] Are you the King?

KING: One of us is the King. I'm sure I'm not the miller. If you're the miller, I must be "My Majesty the King."

PETER: Kneel, imbecile, kneel.

MILLER: Forgive me, King. [Kneels.] I have never laid eyes on a king before. I should have known you by your crown. My ignorance blesses you, King.

PETER: Say "Your Majesty."



KING: Rise, *millers*. [MILLER *rises*.] Ignorance is pardonable once. Now that you know what a king looks like, tell me why you insisted on seeing me.

MILLER: You are very good to see me, King. But you will not be sorry, for I possess a great treasure. I have a daughter, King, a precious young daughter.

KING: Well, well! Is she made of gold, old miller?

MILLER: More than that, King, more than that. She can spin gold out of straw. And as much straw as she is given, so much gold will she spin. Is not that better, King?

PETER: Say "Your Majesty," mongrel.

KING: That is an art that pleases me well, very well. If you speak the truth, she is a very rare artist, worthy of my patronage. Bring her here immediately.

MILLER: She is at the gate waiting.

KING: Go get her, Peter. [PETER *goes out*.] Old miller, have you had dreams of spinning gold out of straw, or is it true as you say it? Remember that when you trifle with kings you have more than flour to deal with, and half a joke might cost you a whole head.

MILLER: You are a very good king, I am sure.

[MILLER'S DAUGHTER *enters timidly with* PETER, *who whispers instructions to her. She kneels before the* KING.]

KING: Rise, child. If you are as clever as you are young and beautiful, you are the miracle of your sex. Your father says that you can spin gold out of straw. Is that true, miller's daughter?

MILLER [*breaking in*]: King, my daughter is very shy and very, very modest. She would rather hew trees

than spin gold out of straw. But command her, King, and she will do it.

MAIDEN: But, King, O good King, I cannot.

MILLER: She cannot refuse to spin for you, King, and she cannot deny that she can spin, King, she cannot.

KING: A most curious and peculiar case.

MAIDEN: But, your Majesty, I cannot.

KING: Cannot what, maid?

MILLER [*breaking in again*]: She cannot lie to you about it, King. Only command her to spin gold out of straw and she cannot but do it. She cannot but do it, King.

KING: Very well, we shall see. We shall see. Miller's daughter, I command you to spin this room full of straw into bright gold. Now set to work, and if by early morning you have not spun it all into gold, you shall die. And you, old miller, shall die first. Peter, bring a great quantity of straw into this room, not from the best granaries, but from the second-best.

PETER: Yes, your Majesty, from the second-best.

[*PETER exits to carry out the KING's order.*]

KING: You may go, old miller. Remember, strange maid, early in the morning. You shall be locked in this room, so that no one may disturb you.

[*First the MILLER then the KING exit leaving the MAIDEN to weep in the center of the stage. PETER brings in straw and throws it on the floor at the MAIDEN's feet.*]

PETER: There, young lady, spin to your heart's content.

[*PETER picks up the throne and carries it off, mumbling.*]

MAIDEN: Alas! Alas!

PETER [*enters with a spinning-wheel*]: Waste no time weeping. The dawn will soon peep through your window. Spin, daughter, spin.

MAIDEN: But I cannot. I cannot spin at all.

PETER: Spin, nevertheless. The King's commands are the King's commands. Good night and good luck. Good night.

[PETER *unhooks a large key from his belt and a noise should be made off the scene to sound like the turning of a key in a great lock after the slamming of a door as PETER goes out.*]

MAIDEN: Alas, alas, alas. How can I spin this straw into gold? Oh, wicked father, unkind King, cruel fate. Alas! Alas! Oh, dawn, come quickly. Come now. I could never bear this night. Come, dawn. Come, come, come. [*Repeated knocking is heard at unseen door.*] Come in. [*The knocking continues.*] Come in! Come in! [RUMPELSTILTSKIN's voice is heard off stage]:

Turn, locks, turn,  
Like milk to butter in the churn.  
Creak, locks, creak,  
As you hear your master speak.  
Burn, locks, burn,  
Turn and creak, weak locks,  
Your master knocks, knocks, knocks.

[RUMPELSTILTSKIN *enters in little leaps and bounds. RUMPELSTILTSKIN should be as small as possible and his movements very vivacious and jerky. His eyes twinkle and they are never still in their sockets. There is a gurgle*

*in his voice which sounds like a perpetual ripple of laughter.]*

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Good evening, miller's daughter.

What are you doing here and why are you crying?

MAIDEN [*sobbing*]: Good evening, little father. How did you open that mighty iron door?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Ah, ha! I have a gift that can open any door behind which there are tears. Tell me why you are crying.

MAIDEN: Alas, alas! The King has commanded me to spin gold out of all this straw and I do not understand the business at all. I must spin it all before morning or else die. Alas, alas!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Well, do not weep about it. Just a trifle. Just a trifle. It really isn't so difficult. What will you give me, now, if I spin it for you?

MAIDEN: I would give you whatever I own, little father, whatever I own. I will give you my necklace if you will take it.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: A bargain, pretty maid. [*Takes the necklace, examines it very quickly and slips it into his pocket.*] Let me have the wheel. [*He leaps on the seat of the wheel as if it were a horse and immediately begins to spin.*]

Turn, wheel, spin, spin,  
Spin, spin, spin, spin,  
Straw go out  
And gold come in.

[*He repeats this two or three times, taking up the straw as he does so and dropping it on the other side of the wheel. As he drops the straw he picks up fine strips of gold paper which are concealed in the back of the wheel. He shakes these so the MAIDEN may see them and then throws them at her feet.*]

MAIDEN: It is spinning into gold, bright, bright, gold.  
Spin fast, little man. Come slowly, dawn. Linger,  
linger, dark night. Spin faster! Gold, bright, bright  
gold!

BOTH:

Turn wheel, spin, spin,  
Spin, spin, spin, spin,  
Straw go out  
And gold come in.

[*The wheel is spinning very fast and producing much gold when the curtain falls.*]

SCENE TWO. *The beginning of the scene is played in front of the curtain in a dim light, being just before dawn. RUMPELSTILTSKIN emerges in his lightning way through the center.*

RUMPELSTILTSKIN:

The dawn, the dawn, the dawn is come,  
And all the spinning is done, done, done.  
Now you may rise, bright sun, sun, sun.

[*The cock is heard crowing and RUMPELSTILTSKIN exits. This exit RUMPELSTILTSKIN can make by rolling out of the scene turning two or three somersaults. An extra*

*light should be turned on here to denote the rising of the sun. That will be the cue for the KING to enter.]*

KING: The royal rooster crows. The royal alarm clock rings. It must be dawn. It *is* dawn. Let us see what meets our sight this day. I dreamed that my eyes were made of transparent gold and everything I looked at was pure gold. Oh, dreams, wicked dreams, why are you just dreams?

*[The curtain is parted, slowly disclosing the same scene as the first with the MAID asleep on the spinning-wheel bench. The straw has completely disappeared and a pile of gold is in its place.]*

KING: The straw has disappeared. Is it possible? I must be dreaming. I see, too, much gold or something that shines like gold. It *is* gold, spun gold. What an artist! Hereafter I shall proclaim myself patron of the arts. There is nothing so beautiful. She sleeps. So great an artist must not waste her time sleeping. Wake up, pretty maid.

MAIDEN [*wakes up startled and rises*]: Oh, your Majesty, is it you? Is it dawn?

KING: It is morning and you have fulfilled the night.

MAIDEN: I am glad you are satisfied, Majesty. I beg you let me go in peace now, for I have much to do about the house.

KING: Not yet, pretty maid, not yet. You are an artist of rare genius and I must encourage you. You must spin another night of gold.

MAIDEN: But I cannot, your Majesty. My fingers are blistered, my legs are stiff, and my eyes are blood-shot. I can spin no more.



KING: You must, pretty maid, you must.

MAIDEN: Have mercy, good King. I have neither the mood, the will, nor the power to spin gold.

KING: A true artist, a true artist. You must spin gold.

MAIDEN: Have pity, King! Have pity! Be content with what I have already done.

KING: Imagine ten times so much, a hundred times so much, a million times! [*Calls loudly.*] Peter! Peter!

MAIDEN: Alas, alas!

PETER [*staggers in, half asleep*]: Your Majesty calls so early?

KING: Peter, bring another great quantity of straw in this room, twice as much.

MAIDEN: Alas, alas! I cannot do it. Have pity.

KING: Twice as much straw as yesterday, Peter. Lock well the door. Until to-morrow dawn, clever, pretty maid. [KING *caresses the gold and goes out repeating as he goes, "Lock well the door."*]

PETER [*rubbing his eyes in great wonder*]: Where there was straw there is gold. The poor do such strange things for the mighty and the rich.

MAIDEN: Oh, Peter, have mercy on me and let me escape from here or I will surely die to-morrow. The King is deceived.

PETER: I am deaf on this side, miller's daughter. That is why the King always talks on the other side of me. [*Goes out to get the straw.*]

MAIDEN: Alas, alas! [*She sobs until PETER comes back.*]

PETER [*comes in with a bundle of straw*]: Twice as much straw. That's not so much. Don't weep. [*Goes out*]

*again. MAIDEN continues to sob. PETER returns with second bundle of straw.] Strange, strange things, no doubt. Don't weep. Hard on me, too, this early rising. The poor are strange, strange. [He goes out and once more the locks are heard turning. She looks at the two large bundles of straw and begins to sob afresh.]*

MAIDEN: Alas, alas! Come help me again, little man. Whatever you be and wherever you are, come help me again, little father, or I shall be dead at the next dawn. The day never seemed so long and the night never so black and the dawn never so gray.

Come, little man,  
Goblin or devil,  
Come, little man,  
For good or for evil.

*[The impatient knocking is heard at the door and RUMPELSTILTSKIN's song is heard.]*

Turn, locks, turn,  
Like milk to butter in the churn.  
Creak, locks, creak,  
As you hear your master speak.  
Burn, locks, burn,  
Your master knocks, knocks, knocks.  
Turn and creak, weak locks.

*[He appears, rubbing his hands and laughing his gurgly laugh, at which point the curtain can fall.]*

SCENE THREE is the same as the second. There are three bundles of straw on the floor which the MAIDEN has been commanded to spin into gold. When the curtain rises the

*familiar knock-knock of RUMPELSTILTSKIN is heard, which is followed by his entrance on to the scene chuckling away as usual. When RUMPELSTILTSKIN enters the MAIDEN should be lying face-down on the straw, weeping.*

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: What ails you, what ails you this time, pretty maiden?

MAIDEN [*in great distress*]: Oh, dear little father, see! The King has commanded me to spin three times the straw. If by dawn it is done he will wed me and I shall become Queen of the land.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Lucky maid, lucky maid, dry your tears. Truly joy sheds more tears and cuts deeper in the heart than sorrow, for, as a matter of fact, it is from joy you weep, not grief. What will you give me this time, lucky maid, what will you give me to spin?

MAIDEN: Alas, alas! I have nothing I can give you, little father. Nothing!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Oh, oh, oh! Nothing? It isn't possible to make a bargain with nothing, for, after all, a bargain is a bargain. Ho, ho, ho! Nothing!

[*At the last "ho, ho, ho," he scratches his head, and pulls on his long strands of beard with nervous little movements.*]

MAIDEN: Alas! Alas!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN [*getting an idea, turns quickly to the MAIDEN*]: Promise me that you will give up to me your first-born child and I will spin thrice the straw for you. Your first-born child.

MAIDEN: I will promise it gladly, but who knows, who knows?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: In due course of time, fair maid, in due course of time. Promise to give me your first-born child, boy or girl, and I will spin, spin, spin.

MAIDEN: I promise you, little father. I promise you.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: The bargain is made—a promise is a promise as a bargain is a bargain.

Fair, wise, and lucky maid,  
Remember the promise  
Until it is paid.

*[He mounts the spinning-wheel gleefully and turns and spins faster than ever.]*

Turn, wheel, spin, spin,  
Spin, spin, spin, spin,  
Straw go out and gold come in,  
Straw go out and gold come in.

*[The MAIDEN joins RUMPELSTILTSKIN in singing the magic little ditty, clapping her hands joyfully as she does so. The straw is once more seen to change into gold. The curtain now falls, and the rest of the action in this scene takes place in front of the curtain. The spinning and singing can be heard to die out. A brief moment of silence should follow. The KING and the PRIEST then make their appearance in front of the curtain. The light should be dim as before.]*

KING: Sh! It is not quite yet dawn. I could not sleep, Father. My bed was covered with my royal thoughts and my royal thoughts were golden tacks with their needle-points up.

PRIEST: Golden thoughts, Majesty, have their drawbacks.

KING: Especially if they are tacks. Have you brought your book, Father?

PRIEST: Yes, your Majesty. [*He shows a great book which he carries under his arm. The PRIEST should talk in a deep, slow monotone.*]

KING: I trust that you will open it at the wedding page and not at the funeral.

PRIEST: I have equal practice in both, Majesty. I will read you the one and the other with equal devotion and eloquence—with equal blessing.

KING: You are irreproachable, Father. This dawn is a very slow dawn. Can the royal rooster be oversleeping? [*Here the rooster is heard to crow as if realizing that the KING wishes it.*] No, it crowed just in time to save its head. Wait here, Father. Come in when I signal to you.

[*The KING disappears behind the curtain. The PRIEST puts his ear to the curtain as if listening for a signal. After a few seconds the hand of the KING emerges through the curtain and hits the PRIEST on the head with the scepter.*]

PRIEST: The signal! [*He follows the KING.*]

[*The curtain rises immediately and discloses the KING and the PRIEST standing on either side of the MAIDEN, who is asleep at the wheel. Gold has once more taken the place of straw.*].

KING: See, Father, fill your eyes with the kingdom of heaven.

PRIEST: Indeed, indeed. It is indeed a heavenly sight, a most heavenly sight.

KING:

Awake, fair maid, awake.  
Poor tired maid, awake.  
Three nights you've spun,  
Your task is done,  
The king's heart won.  
Awake, awake.

MAIDEN [*awakes as if from a pleasant dream*]: Oh, good morning, King, is it already dawn?

KING: Yes, yes, and a happy one for you, pretty maid. Come give me your hand. [*They take hands.*] Father, perform your ceremony. I know of no cleverer, more beautiful or gentler maid than this. No longer will she be known as the miller's daughter but as the Queen, for she is worth at least her weight in gold a hundred-fold.

PRIEST: I am ready, Majesty.

Touch hands, clasp hands,  
While I make the bands,  
The bands, the bands  
About your hands.

[*The KING and the MAIDEN take the center of the stage with their hands clasped and facing each other. The PRIEST is in front of them with his back to the audience and his hand raised in blessing. The curtain should fall just as he says his last line.*]

SCENE FOUR. *The first part of the scene is played in front of the curtain. A noise of thunder and wind is heard mixed with the gurgling laughter of RUMPELSTILTSKIN.*



*He makes his appearance by rolling on the scene with a few somersaults.*

RUMPELSTILTSKIN:

The wind blows east,  
The wind blows west,  
The wind blows over the great stork's nest.  
The cuckoo bird I love the least,  
The stork I love the best.

In due time, in due time, here I am. 'Tis a year and a day since I've seen this palace. In that time the miller's daughter has become a Queen, and the Queen has become a mother, and the infant will become mine according to promise.

Turn, locks, turn,  
Like milk to butter in the churn.  
Creak, locks, creak,  
As you hear your master speak.  
Burn, locks, burn,  
Turn and creak, weak locks,  
Your master knocks, knocks, knocks.

*[At the finish of his ditty he stamps several times on the floor with his foot, at which command the curtain goes up. He draws to one side of the proscenium temporarily. The scene disclosed is the QUEEN'S chamber. She is sitting by a cradle in which her first-born is being lulled to sleep. The scene can really be the same as it was before, with the spinning-wheel taken out and a stool and cradle, fitting to a queen, put in its place. The MAIDEN who is now Queen has changed her costume by throwing a beau-*

*tiful cloak over her shoulders which sufficiently hides her other costume. She also wears a crown.]*

MAIDEN [*to the child in the cradle*]:

Sleep, sleep, sleep,  
On a wheel of stars;  
Bright white night stars  
Peep, sleep, peep.  
Creep, sleep, creep  
In my baby's eyes,  
One is shut, the other cries.  
Sleep, sleep, sleep  
Close both his eyes.  
On a wheel of stars,  
Sleep, baby, sleep,  
On a wheel of stars.

[RUMPELSTILTSKIN *glides onto the scene on tiptoes, laughs quietly, and bows, flourishing his hat in great circles before the astonished and half-frightened* MAIDEN.]

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Greetings, fair and mighty Queen, that was once a humble miller's daughter. I have come to fulfill the bargain we made just a year and a day ago. I have come to collect my debt. Give me the infant, Queen, and I will carry it to the wheel of stars, the wheel of stars. Ha, ha, ha, a pretty place.

MAIDEN [*turns her back on him*]: Who are you, strange old man? I never saw you before. I don't remember any promise.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Promise, ha, ha, ha! That's it. Promise, promise! Promises are *never* forgotten. The very

sight of me made you remember your promise. You promised to give me your first-born child which is now in your arms. You have never forgotten it.

MAIDEN: Take pity, little father. Give me back my promise. I will give you all the jewels in my crown instead.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: The jewels in your crown are like other stones. Did I not spin gold out of straw? There is no jewel like your first-born. It is that I will take.

MAIDEN: Be kind, little father. Spare me my infant. I will give you half my kingdom.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Half your kingdom is not one thousandth part of the roof that covers me. A bargain is a bargain. Give me your promised first-born.

MAIDEN: Be merciful, little father. Do not take away my first-born. How can you care for a child that needs a mother? It will annoy you day and night with its crying. It will keep you awake nights. It will be a terrible care to you, little father. Leave well enough alone. Take anything else. Anything else that your heart desires I will gladly give you.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: A living creature, a living creature. Only your first-born will satisfy me. Come, Queen, it's no use.

MAIDEN: Alas, alas! I cannot! I cannot! [*She kneels in an effort to move him.*] Mercy! Pity! Pity! Little father, pity!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN [*very impatiently*]: Stop weeping. Stop weeping.

MAIDEN [*weeping loudly*]: Alas, alas!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN [*more impatiently and raising his*

voice]: Stop weeping! Stop weeping! A bargain is a bargain!

MAIDEN [*weeping much more loudly*]: Alas! Alas! Little father!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN [*stamping and fuming*]: Stop! Stop! Stop weeping! Very well, Queen. I will give you three days. This is the last bargain. If you can tell what my name is in three days' time, you may keep the child. But if you fail to guess my name, then, flip!—comes the child to me and there's an end. Three days, three days. Ha, ha, ha. Three days.

[*He laughs fiendishly and rushes off like the wind.*]

MAIDEN [*seeing that he is gone, stops weeping and calls very excitedly*]: Peter! Peter! Peter! Peter!

PETER [*running in out of breath*]: Your Highness, what have I done?

MAIDEN: Nothing, Peter, but you have much to do. Run, run! Go to every door in the kingdom and make a list of every strange name you hear. Quick! Run, run, run, I have only three days' time. [*She should speak this very fast.*]

PETER: Your Highness. [*He starts to run, not knowing where, but turns back as the MAIDEN begins to speak again.*]

MAIDEN: Run, Run! Do not eat, drink or sleep until you have listened at every door in the kingdom. Run, run. Three days is not so long. Peter, run, run.

[*As she says this she urges him on, turning this way and that until PETER feels like a spinning top. He finally runs off to do the bidding of the Queen. Left alone, she*

*becomes peaceful once more and returns to the cradle to sing the lullaby.]*

Sleep, sleep, sleep,  
On a wheel of stars;  
Bright white night stars  
Peep, sleep, peep.  
Creep, sleep, creep  
In my baby's eyes,  
One is shut, the other cries.  
Sleep, sleep, sleep  
Close both his eyes.  
On a wheel of stars,  
Sleep, baby, sleep,  
On a wheel of stars.

*[The curtain falls very slowly.]*

SCENE FIVE. *The first part of this scene takes place in front of the curtain. PETER is heard mumbling in the distance before he is seen. His voice grows louder and louder until he enters.*

PETER *[as he runs back and forth from one end of the stage to the other in front of the curtain]*: Run, run, run, run, run. One day more, Peter. Run, run, run. Stop, Peter, stop. *[He stops.]* Give your legs a rest and let your head travel a bit. Look at your map. *[He takes out map which he carries in his pocket and examines it.]* I have been to the north. I have been to the south. I have been to the east and also to the west. I have not been in the middle where the forest is. Run, Peter, run.

[*Puts map away and resumes his running.*] Run and see who lives in the forest. Run, run, run, run.

[*As he runs off the scene, the curtain rises, disclosing the middle of the forest. RUMPELSTILTSKIN is discovered dancing around a fire.*

RUMPELSTILTSKIN:

Fire, fire, flame up higher,  
Never stop when you begin.  
No one knows  
That breathes or grows.  
No one knows. No one knows.

PETER [*enters unseen by Rumpelstiltskin*]: No one knows—what, I wonder? [*He hides behind a tree and listens.*]

RUMPELSTILTSKIN [*continuing to hop and dance around the fire*]:

No one knows, no one knows.  
She will lose and I will win.  
No one knows, no one knows  
My name is Rumpelstiltskin.

PETER [*sticking his head out to hear more easily. The name seems to puzzle him*]: So, so. Rump-what?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Rumpelstiltskin.

PETER: Rumpel—well, well!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Rumpelstiltskin. Rumpelstiltskin.

PETER: Rumpelstiltskin. Rumpelstiltskin. Whew! Well, I have found one name in the forest. [*He writes it down on the back of his map.*]



RUMPELSTILTSKIN:

Higher, higher, fire, fire.  
No one knows  
That breathes or grows.  
The Queen will lose and I will win.  
No one knows  
My name is Rumpelstiltskin,  
Rumpelstiltskin, Rumpelstiltskin!

PETER:

If you only knew what Peter knows,  
You'd scratch your head and blow your nose.

*[He rushes off well satisfied.]*

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Rumpelstiltskin! Rumpelstiltskin!  
Rumpelstiltskin!

*[As he says his name each time, he leaps higher, as if daring the stars to hear his name, and the curtain falls.]*

SCENE SIX. *The same as SCENE FOUR. The MAIDEN is pacing the floor, looking out now and then as if expecting a messenger. She watches the cradle like a sentinel.*

MAIDEN: Alas, alas, alas!

PETER *[runs in very much out of breath]*: News, Queen, news.

MAIDEN: Oh, Peter, Peter! Yes, Yes!

PETER: I haven't heard one single new name.

MAIDEN: Oh, alas! alas!

PETER: But I went into the forest and I came to a high hill, and near it was a little house—a tiny house, and in front of the house there burned a fire that rose

higher and higher, and around the fire danced a comical little man. He hopped on one foot and cried:

Nobody knows.

I wipe my eyes and blow my nose:

The Queen will lose and I will win.

Nobody knows, nobody knows.

My name is —————

My name is —————

Oh, dear—

*[He scratches his head and snaps his fingers, but cannot remember the name. The MAIDEN in the mean time is on pins and needles to hear the new name.]*

MAIDEN: Yes, yes.

PETER: I wrote it down. Now where is it? *[He feels in his pockets and tries to remember.]* My name is Dump—Lump—Hump—Mump—Stump—Oh, dear, where did I put it?

MAIDEN: Peter, Peter. Hurry, hurry! This is the third day. Search all your pockets. Rack your brain. Search inside and out!

PETER: My name is Lump—Galump—Appledump—No. No. It starts with an ump.

MAIDEN: Hurry, Peter! Search, hunt, dig, scratch, find it quickly, quickly!

PETER *[searching inside and outside his pockets in every possible place that he can think of. This should be an amusing moment. At last he finds the map.]*: Here it is! Here it is! Rum-pel-stilts-kin.

MAIDEN: Rumpelstiltskin.

BOTH *[reading the paper together]*: Rumpelstiltskin.

[*They dance around in a circle, repeating the difficult name until the MAIDEN collapses on the throne.*]

PETER [*wiping his brow*]: Whew!

[*An ominous knocking is heard. The MAIDEN jumps to her feet. The MAIDEN and PETER whisper. Then PETER goes out.*]

RUMPELSTILTSKIN [*enters with a defying laugh*]: Good morning, Queen. Good, good, good morning. Your last chance. What is my name, my name, my name? To-day it is my name or your first-born. I have prepared a sumptuous cradle for it, swinging from the tail of a star. My name, Queen, my name, name it!

MAIDEN: Alas, I have no new names to-day, little father. Your name must be a very, very queer one, if you have any at all. I never thought of that. Have you a name at all?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: I have a name as nameable as yours, fair Queen. After the tongue is used to it, quite as nameable. My name. My name.

MAIDEN: Are you called Jack?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: No.

MAIDEN: Harry?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: No.

MAIDEN: If it isn't a simple one like that, your name must be something like, it must be . . . let me see . . . [PETER *tiptoes behind the MAIDEN and whispers the name to her.*] Rumpelstiltskin! That's it! Rumpelstiltskin!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Devils, devils, devils. The devil told you that. Ha, ha, ha. The devil, the devil.



*The Miller's Daughter as Queen.*

[*He stamps his foot and jumps up and down in rage until he falls dead at her feet.*]

MAIDEN [to PETER]: Gracious, gracious! What a furious little temper the little father has.

PETER [*He goes over to RUMPELSTILTSKIN and puts his ear to his heart*]: What a furious little temper he *had*. Queen. He has it no longer, for he is dead.

MAIDEN: Oh, what a pity! We must bury him with honors, Peter.

PETER: Yes, your Highness. Then you must let me sleep for seven days and seven nights.

MAIDEN: Yes, you faithful Peter. I too will sleep peacefully.

[PETER drags RUMPELSTILTSKIN off the scene, puffing and muttering. The MAIDEN, who has nothing more to worry about, sits by the cradle and sweetly sings her lullaby as the curtain falls for the last time.]





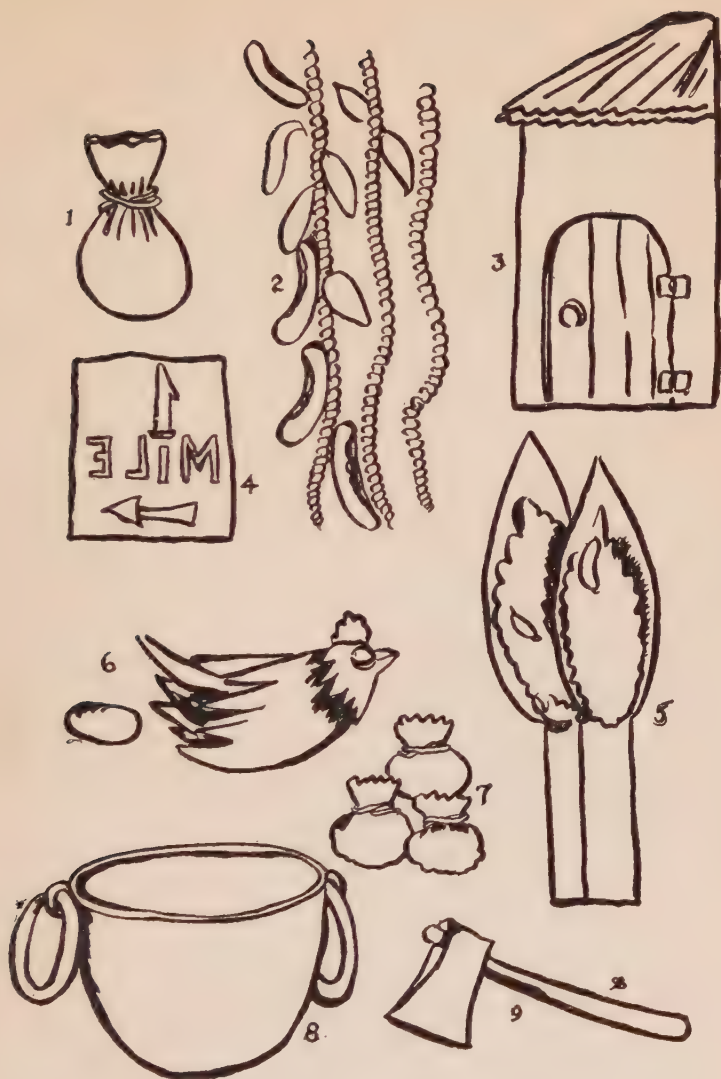
*The Cow.*

## JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

A PLAY IN THREE SCENES

*From the Fairy Tale of the Same Name*





*Properties for "Jack and the Beanstalk."*





*Jack and the Giant.*

*Characters:*

JACK  
 HIS MOTHER  
 THE COW  
 THE FARMER  
 THE OGRESS  
 THE GIANT

*Costumes:*

THE OGRESS: She wears a dress made of a coarse brown burlap with green buttons. Her wig may be of frayed rope.

THE GIANT: The giant should wear a false beard made of buckram or cardboard, with black rope for hair and whiskers. His huge cloak is made of green duvetyn. His boots are black oilcloth with wooden soles. The person playing the giant should stand on stilts inside the enormous boots.

JACK'S MOTHER: She wears a dress of dark blue wash material with a gay colored shawl. Her clothes should look badly worn.

JACK: Jack may wear any ordinary pair of trousers and an old shirt, both very much worn and patched. His cap should also be old.

THE COW: The head of the cow may be made of buckram or cardboard covered with white duvetyn of which the rest of the costume may be made. Black spots may be painted on it. The forefeet have sticks attached inside which the person wearing the costume can clutch so that the forelegs will be as long as the hind.

*Properties:*

Plate 1. Bag of beans.

Plate 2. The beanstalks are made of rope, with leaves and bean pods of a green cloth.

Plate 3. Jack's house. It is made of an ordinary screen with paper tacked on it. The roof is red and the walls brown.

Plate 4. A milestone made of cardboard.

Plate 5. Trees made of cardboard tacked on sticks of wood.

Plate 6. The hen and the golden egg. The hen may be made of cardboard and painted red, black and white. A darning egg painted gold will serve for the hen's golden egg.

Plate 7. The three bags filled with gold which Jack throws down to his mother.

Plate. 8. A caldron in which the ogress cooks the Giant's food. An iron pot may be used or a large fruit basket covered with black tissue paper.

Plate 9. The ax Jack uses to chop the beanstalks. It is made of wood painted silver with a black handle.



*The Ogress and Jack's Mother.*

## JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

In this play the action of one scene can be lapped into the action of the following scene, and in this way the dropping of the curtain too often is eliminated. The method will be described as the play progresses.

SCENE ONE. *Outside JACK's house. There is a little cottage where JACK and his MOTHER live. This may or may not have a practicable door. A simple screen with paper tacked on and painted will be sufficient to give the effect. A little farther back than the house there should be a low*



*hedge behind which the beanstalks can be hidden on the floor. The beanstalks are attached to strings which pass through screw eyes in the ceiling. At the proper moment some one hidden from view may pull the beanstalks into place by means of these strings. When the curtain rises JACK and his MOTHER are on the scene. She may be seated at the doorstep or on a stool with JACK at her feet.*

MOTHER: I don't know what I shall give you to eat to-day, my son. We ate up the last half loaf of bread last night, and the cow won't give a drop of milk.

JACK: Don't trouble yourself about me, good mother. It is I, big and sturdy as I am, who should be looking after you. But this day I shall surely go out into the world and make my fortune.

MOTHER: Alas, my son, it isn't your fault if Heaven hasn't given you the wits that other men have. We must get along the best we can.

JACK: Now, mother, I'm telling you that I intend to go out into the world to make my fortune.

MOTHER: And I should like to give you the help that you would need in the world—but I haven't so much as a pair of new breeches to hide your legs with—not to do the sin of mentioning money. But I have the idea which will afford you some help. I have decided to part with the cow which, giving no milk, is another burden on us. Tie a rope about her neck and lead her to the fair and see how well you can do with her.

JACK: Willingly, mother. I will fetch her this minute and I warrant I'll show you that I can drive as good a bargain as any. [JACK goes off to get the Cow.]

MOTHER: Heaven aid his simple wits and make them bring more than the cow is worth.

[JACK returns with the Cow which is heard mooing as they enter.]

JACK: So, mother, bid me farewell, for your son will soon become a man of the world.

MOTHER: Fare you well, my son. Mind you take heed of the snares and traps that you will surely find along the way.

JACK: And so I will, mother. I'll remember it well, and keep an eye open this side and that. Good-by, little mother.

MOTHER: Good luck. [*Kissing JACK good-by on the top of the head, she enters the house.*]

JACK: Come, my lady. I intend to take thee to a very gay and merry fair and thou must walk nimbly, for I am in high spirits this day. It is the first day of my manhood. Dost understand and art of the same mind?

Cow: Moo!

JACK: Faith, thou hast more brains beneath thy horn than men give thee credit for. And if I fail to see some of the snares and traps and whatnots, that thy mistress, my mother, spoke of, do not fail to tell me of it, dost hear?

Cow: Moo!

JACK: And since we are agreed, let us proceed to this fair.

[JACK and the Cow start on their way to the fair. They go through the movements of walking without actually going from the same spot. The cottage is slid

*off the scene behind them. From the other side of stage, a tree moves in their direction and passes across the stage and off. The tree can be made of cardboard tacked on a stick and can be carried across the stage by a person concealed behind it. Two milestones pass JACK and the Cow across the stage in the same manner. While these objects are passing him, JACK sings his song as he presumably walks along.]*

JACK:

Heigh ho, away we go.  
The sun swings high and the sun hangs low,  
But heigh ho, away we go,  
Me and my lady, oh.  
She walketh high and she walketh so  
While the sun he sinketh very low.  
Heigh ho, away we go.

*[The third milestone stops in front of JACK and the Cow.]*

JACK: Now there, my lady. Let us see how far we have come. *[Looks at milestone.]* Three miles. Faith, I think we have earned a rest. What does my lady think?

Cow: Moo!

JACK: We do get along well together. 'Tis a pity we should be separated. Had I known sooner that thou wast such a companion I would have taken thee for many a walk. But knowledge until this day hath always been kept away from me, for thou must know that I am a very simple fellow and now I am a man of the world by three miles. Didst see any traps and snares and things along the way?

Cow: Moo, moo.

JACK: I did not either. Let us get along now for I am impatient to walk into some more knowledge of this world.

[*They continue and one more milestone passes them by. JACK sings again and they meet a FARMER.*]

FARMER: Hail and good day to you, my lad. You seem happy enough.

JACK: Good day to you, countryman. And why shouldn't I be happy? Isn't this the first day when I shall become a man of the world and make my fortune?

FARMER: And whither do you go?

JACK: I am going to the fair with my lady cow, and there I shall drive a very smart bargain.

FARMER: Do you mean to sell the cow?

JACK: If that is the way to drive a bargain, that is what I mean to do.

FARMER: 'Tis a good cow—gentle enough and not too tough. This is a fine cow. But she is no finer than these precious things I have in my sack.

JACK: And what may those precious things be?

FARMER: Take a look for yourself.

JACK: I think I should have seen something like them before but I do admit that I did never behold a parcel of beans that were as precious as these. In them I'm sure I perceive the knowledge and the riches of the world. What are they?

FARMER: You may think they are beans, but they are not. They are very precious jewels. 'Tis not a bad cow.

JACK: Let us make a bargain here and now. If you will give me your bag of beans I will give you my cow.

FARMER: I will gladly make this bargain with you, lad, to encourage you on your way in the world. I assure you I make it at a loss to myself.

JACK: Wait a moment. [*to Cow*] Tell me, my lady, if I am contriving a good bargain?

Cow: Moo.

JACK: Here is the cow, good countryman.

FARMER: And here is the sack, lad, take care you do not lose it.

JACK: I will take good care, sir, and I will watch this side and that for traps and snares as my mother bade me. And I thank you for this excellent bargain. Good day to you.

[*JACK goes off the stage. The FARMER goes off with the Cow in the opposite direction. The action of the passing landscape is reversed. JACK who is on his way back home can be heard singing off stage. His voice gets louder and louder until he reappears on the scene one mile from the cottage.*]

JACK:

Heigh ho! the sun swings low,  
The sun swings very, very low,  
For me and my lady, oh.

Heigh ho! the sun hangs high,  
The sun hangs very, very high,  
For 'tis by, my lady, good-by,

And the sun swings low and the sun hangs high,  
So, my lady, so Good-by, good-by.

[*He sits on the milestone.*]

JACK, my man, thou art now a full-hatched man of the world, truly thou art. Surely this fine bargain will make thy mother very happy and proud. Never again will the neighbors call thee simpleton. I do hope my lady cow will be happy with her new master. She maketh a good companion, it is true. But she is no use beyond that; I do wonder that the countryman did make the bargain with me. Thou art a smart lad, Jack, that thou art.

[JACK continues on his way home. The milestone goes off, the tree passes him, and the cottage is brought back in its place.]

For heigho, away we go,

Away, away, away we go. [*Repeat whole song.*]

And here we are at home, my bargain and me. Mother, mother, I have come back.

MOTHER [*comes out of the house*]: What my son, are you back already? But what did you do with the cow? You've hardly been gone long enough to reach the fair, and you are back.

JACK: Ah, mother dear, most men have to go to the fair to make their fortune, but your son has done better. I found a fortune all ready waiting for me on the way.

MOTHER: And what fortune is that, simple son?

JACK: Look in there and you will see it for yourself.

MOTHER [*takes sack of beans*]: A fortune, indeed. You've got here a sack of common beans. And what have you done with the cow?

JACK: I exchanged her for this sack of precious pearls, mother. There was a countryman hailed me good day



and I him—"Whither goest thou?" he asked. "To the fair," quoth I, "to sell this cow." "'Tis a good cow," quoth he, "but not as good as this sack of precious stones." "Let us make a bargain," quoth I; "for your sack I will give thee my cow." And in a twinkling we made a bargain.

MOTHER: So you gave the cow for this handful of dirty beans.

JACK: But they are not beans, mother. They may look to you like beans—they are precious stones. He told me so himself and I know it.

MOTHER: Well, this much for thy precious stones, thou simpleton. Mayhap now they'll grow thee a fortune. [*She snatches the sack of beans from JACK and flings them somewhere at the back of the scene.*] My son, there is only one method of teaching thee. [*She rushes into house.*]

JACK: But, mother, you are throwing away the first fortune I ever made. Wisdom do be a queer thing.

MOTHER [*returning with a broom*]: And when you make another bargain, son of mine, think first as many times as I lay this broom on thy back. [*She beats JACK soundly with broom and then goes into house.*]

JACK: 'Tis a very queer world, I'm thinking. For the sake of a cow that was a very good companion, I am robbed of a fortune and get me a good beating on my back. I hope the countryman had better luck. As for thee, Jack, what wilt thou do next? Thou art tired in the legs and in the back. Go into the house and rest, for

to-morrow thou must go out into the world again.

[*Goes into house.*]

[*The scene darkens by degrees. A huge beanstalk grows slowly out of the ground next to the house. It grows taller and taller as the scene gets darker and darker and then lighter and lighter. The top of the beanstalk grows high out of sight. The crowing of a cock is heard and JACK comes out of the house.*]

JACK: It is a bright morning that greets me and my empty belly. Thy foot will be all the lighter, Jack, my man, for thou must walk to-day surely until thou meet'st Fortune. Well, well, what is this? I do not remember this. It grows so high I cannot see the top. Of course, Jack, thou simpleton, this is the beanstalk that grew out of the precious beans thy mother threw on the ground. I have a great curiosity to see the top. In that case thou must climb, Jack, so the sooner thou startest the later thou'llt think about it.

[*JACK goes behind the house where the stalks grow thickest, climbs on a concealed table and then on a stool on top of the table. Just a hand, a foot, or his head appears now and then through the stalks.*]

JACK:

Heigh ho, away we go,  
As high as the sun swings low.  
Heigh ho—higher ho,  
High and high and higher ho,  
High as the sun swings low.

[*His voice grows fainter as he seems to reach the top.*

*Jack's MOTHER comes out of the house and looks around for the lad.]*

MOTHER: Jack! Ho, Jack! I hear him, but I don't see him anywhere. Ho, Jack! The good saints preserve us, what's this? Bless me, if it isn't a huge beanstalk and it's the exact place where I threw the beans last night. Jack! Ho, Jack! [*JACK is heard singing faintly.*] He's gone and climbed it. Jack! Ho! Come down or you'll break your neck. Heaven preserve him! Heaven preserve him! He's got it into his head to seek his fortune and fifty thousand devils won't hinder him. It is a burden truly to be blessed with poverty and a simple son.

*[She sits down by her door and weeps in her apron.*

*JACK's voice can still be heard very faintly as the curtain falls.]*

SCENE TWO *is the land of the GIANT which is at the top of the beanstalks. There is a huge table covered with a cloth in the center of the stage. Two or three stray beanstalks hang in back of the table. There is a cauldron to one side, the contents of which the OGRESS is busily stirring with a large spoon as the curtain rises.*

OGRESS:

Boil over pot,  
Get good and hot,  
Or the giant will like it not.

*[JACK is heard singing his song.]*

I hear a queer noise, a very queer noise. That's not the giant's voice.

*[JACK appears among the beanstalks.]*

JACK: And this is the place where the sun swings high and the sun hangs low. I like this country. Good morning, grandmother. How do you do to-day?

OGRESS: Good evening to you, my lad, for it is evening and not morning.

JACK: Oh, that makes little difference, grandmother, for I like a good evening as well. Let me help you, grandmother. I think my arm is stronger to stir the pot.

OGRESS: Thank thee, lad. [JACK *stirs ambitiously*.] Dost know where thou art?

JACK: Not yet. But I will find out, and if Fortune doth live here, I would meet her.

OGRESS: There isn't a doubt thou wilt find out. Know, my lad, that this is the abode of an evil giant who for the most part does eat children and young lads for his dinner. I'm sure thou wouldst not be distasteful to him.

JACK: Ah, but he will not eat me, grandmother. No giant has ever eaten me.

OGRESS: Alas, young lad, he will surely eat thee if he finds thee here. He will be here in a very short time now, so be prudent and climb down where you came from as quickly as possible. I could not see a good lad like thee make a roast for this giant.

JACK: I have a great curiosity to see this giant, grandmother, and you need not fear that he will eat me. You will be as good as to hide me somewhere. I have heard wonderful tales about giants.

OGRESS: There are wonderful things here, to be sure, and if thou art as brave as thou sayest, I will hide thee that thou mayst see what wonderful things there are. I fear

that he might smell thee, however. In that case I will manage somehow. After supper he plays with his magic toys and then does always fall asleep. It is when he is asleep that you must make your escape.

JACK: I will do that, grandmother, and I will repay you however I can.

[*Steps of the GIANT are heard.*]

OGRESS: I hear the giant's footstep. He will be here in a moment. Hide quickly under the table.

[*JACK hides and the GIANT enters.*]

GIANT:

Ahee, ahi, ahoo, ahum,

I smell young living flesh, by gum.

OGRESS: 'Tis the bristles of a young pig the wind is blowing about. I scaled it not long ago.

GIANT: Aha, aha, aha, achu!

OGRESS: Good appetite. You should feel better now.

GIANT [*smells about very loudly*]:

Ahee, aho, ahi, ahum,

By gee, by jo, by jum.

OGRESS: Sit down now and I will give you a good supper. Did you go far this day?

GIANT: Not so far—one hundred and fifty miles to the north; three hundred miles to the south and six hundred miles to the west—not so far.

OGRESS: Did you bring much?

GIANT: Not so much—ten cows, forty sheep, twenty bags of corn, four kegs of wine, and twelve children—not so much.

OGRESS: You must be tired and hungry.

*[She fills a bowl from the cauldron and puts it before him.]*

GIANT: Not so tired and not so hungry.

*[He devours the contents with one gulp and sniffs once more.]*

Ahee, aho, ahi, ahum,

I smell, I smell, I smell, by gum.

*[The OGRESS brings the whole pot to him. He eats from the pot and then sweeps it off the table.]* Old

woman, bring me my golden hen—my little golden hen.

*[She brings in the little hen and sets it on the table.]*

Bring me my bags of gold. My treasure, my little hackle cackle, art thou well? *[The hen cackles in response.]*

*[The OGRESS brings in three bags of gold and lays them on the table and then goes out.]*

GIANT: Now lay me thy golden egg. *[The hen presumably lays the golden egg each time.]* Now lay me thy golden egg. Now lay me thy golden egg. Now lay me thy golden egg. Now lay me thy golden egg. Now lay me thy golden egg.

*[The GIANT nods and slowly falls to sleep; the hen stops cackling and also falls asleep; JACK comes from his hiding place and examines the treasures.]*

JACK: This is a most peculiar hen, and I have my mind to take it with me. Jack, my man, Fortune is here well met, so if thou take it not, it will be no fault of Fortune. The giant does sleep prodigiously. I will throw these sacks of gold down first for luck. *[JACK presumably drops the sacks of gold down the beanstalk one by one. The GIANT snores.]* Come my little hackle cackle, I be-



lieve that is thy name. [*As JACK takes up the hen it cackles loudly, thus awaking the GIANT. JACK disappears down the beanstalk back of the table.*] Not so much noise, my little hackle cackle. [*But the hen cackles even more loudly.*]

GIANT: Ahi, ahi, ahee, ahoo, ah chu! What is it, my little hackle cackle? [*GIANT discovers that the gold and the hen have disappeared. He bellows, whips out his huge dagger, and begins to descend the beanstalk.*] Who carries away my little hen? Stop, thou insect, or I'll slit thee presently and boil, broil, roast, and slice thee!

OGRESS [*who has come in at the GIANT's awakening*]: Poor lad, poor lad, poor lad!

[SCENE THREE is the same as SCENE ONE. JACK's MOTHER sits in the door. The sacks of gold which JACK has dropped from the top of the beanstalk fall to the ground one after the other.]

MOTHER: Heavens! What manner of rain is this?

[*She goes into the house. The mingled voices of JACK, the GIANT and the cackling hen are heard. The beanstalks begin to shake very violently. Then JACK appears with the hen and rushes into the house calling to his MOTHER.*]

JACK: Mother, mother! Quick! Give me the ax!

MOTHER: My son! What is happening?

JACK: The ax! The ax!

[*JACK reappears with a huge ax, followed by his MOTHER. He chops away at the beanstalk with all his might.*]

MOTHER: Jack, my man, thy wits are now in thy arm!

[*The stalk falls with a great crash. The GIANT is heard roaring and then all is quiet.*]

JACK: Well, mother, come and pick up the bags of gold about your feet.

MOTHER: Gold? They did have a peculiarly pleasant sound.

JACK: The little hen is gold, too, mother, and she does lay golden eggs. Now, mother, I will tell you how I met Fortune.

MOTHER: Son, what matters more than meeting Fortune is to treat her well.

JACK: That is what I hope to do, Mom.

MOTHER: But for now, Jack lad, get into the house and go to bed, for I think it is high time.

[*JACK and his MOTHER go into the house and go to bed. The mooing of the Cow is heard off stage. Presently the Cow herself appears and moos contentedly at the familiar scene. Then she knocks at the door and the curtain comes down.*]



one two three  
three bears are we

## THE THREE BEARS

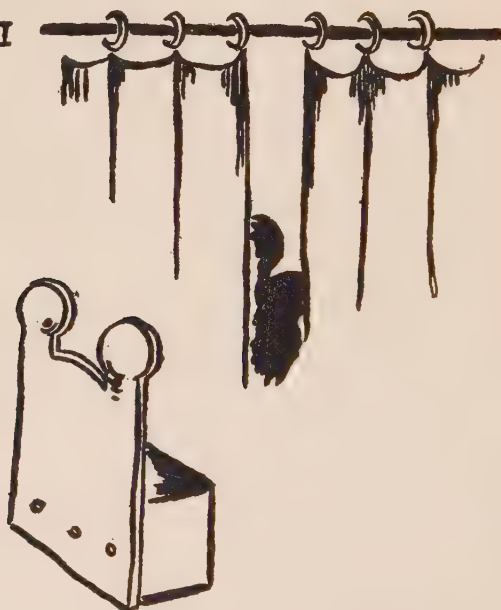
A PLAY IN ONE ACT

*Taken from the story of "The Three Bears," written by  
Robert Southey, the English Poet Laureate.*

I



II



*Properties for "The Three Bears."*



*The Great Big Father Bear.*

*Characters:*

THE GREAT BIG FATHER BEAR  
THE MIDDLE-SIZED MOTHER BEAR  
THE TINY LITTLE BABY BEAR  
GOLDILOCKS

*Costumes:*

FATHER BEAR: His costume can be made of reddish-brown canton flannel. The head may be made of cardboard or buckram covered with canton flannel. Fur may be indicated here and there by sewing on bits of wool of the same shade as indicated in the drawing. His tall hat may be made of cardboard, painted red with a black band.

MOTHER BEAR's and BABY BEAR's costumes are the same as Father Bear's in different sizes. A little gingham apron and a cap for MOTHER BEAR will give her the proper distinction. The BABY BEAR may be given a pointed cap made of cardboard or white flannel.

GOLDILOCKS: A pretty little frock of any material that looks as nearly as possible like the drawing may be used. Blue is preferable to go with her golden hair.

*Properties:*

Plate 1. If possible, the table should be a roughly made sort as in the sketch, but an ordinary kitchen table will answer. If three bowls of the desired sizes are not available they may be made of white cardboard with red or blue designs. The three wooden spoons also scale in size.

Plate 2. The chairs may be made of ordinary wooden boxes with planks nailed to them to serve as backs. Remember that the back of the baby's chair must be left quite loose so that when Goldilocks leans against it, it will fall and crash. The bed may be made of a piece of cardboard or thin wood cut out to represent one end of the bed and nailed to a box as shown in the drawing. This must be placed behind the curtains so that it will be suggestive of an entire bed. Drawing Two also shows this.





*Goldilocks.*

## THE THREE BEARS

*The scene is inside the cottage where the three BEARS live in the middle of the forest. There is a table in the center of the room and three chairs around it—a great big chair, a middle-sized chair, and a little chair. There are three bowls and three spoons of three sizes on the table.*

*There is a curtain at the back which supposedly hides the three beds where the BEARS sleep as if in a separate alcove. In reality only one bed need be there: the tiny little baby's bed in which GOLDBLOCKS goes to sleep. The other beds can just be talked about. Hanging on the wall is a picture of a little bear angel. When the curtain rises the MOTHER BEAR is pouring the porridge from a pot into the three bowls as she recites her queer jingle.*

MOTHER BEAR:

A cabbage, a bean, a root,  
A hoop, a hoop, a hoop,  
The tripe of fox, a shoot,  
A hoop, a hoop, a hoop,  
A blade of grass, a bat,  
A hoop, a hoop, a hoop,  
A lion's paw, a donkey's jaw,  
A hoop, a hoop, a hoop.  
Oh, lots of water, oh, lots of that  
Does make delicious soup.  
A hoop, a hoop, a hoop.  
Great Big Father Bear!

FATHER BEAR's voice: Bo-o!

MOTHER BEAR: The porridge is ready. Tiny little Baby Bear!

LITTLE BABY BEAR [*in a thin piping voice*]: Bo-o!

MOTHER BEAR: Your porridge! A hoop, a hoop, a hoop.

FATHER BEAR [*enters sniffing very loudly*]: I smell cabbage, bean, root, fox, tripe, shoot, grass, bat, lion, donkey, and water.

BABY BEAR [*running in*]: I smell everything, too.

ALL THREE in chorus: A hoop, a hoop, a hoop.

[*The FATHER BEAR should speak slowly and in a very deep bass voice. The MOTHER BEAR speaks faster and not so loud, and her voice is higher pitched, as she is a lady bear. The BABY BEAR speaks much faster in a very high, shrill, excited voice.*]

FATHER BEAR: I have a great big hunger.

MOTHER BEAR: I have a middle-sized big hunger.

BABY BEAR: I have a tiny big hunger.

ALL THREE in chorus: A hoop, a hoop, a hoop.

FATHER BEAR: Let us sit down!

MOTHER BEAR: Yes, let us sit down!

BABY BEAR: Yes, yes! Let us sit down!

[*They sit down one after the other beginning with the FATHER BEAR.*]

ALL THREE in chorus: M-m-m-m-m-m. . . .

FATHER BEAR [*tasting his porridge*]: Oh! My porridge is too hot!

MOTHER BEAR: Oh! Oh! My porridge is too hot, too!

BABY BEAR: Oh! Oh! Oh! My porridge is too hot, too!

[*All three in chorus blow loudly into their bowls of porridge.*]

FATHER BEAR: What shall we do?

MOTHER BEAR: What shall we do?

BABY BEAR: What shall we do?

FATHER BEAR: Let us wait until it cools.

MOTHER BEAR: Do let us wait until it cools.

BABY BEAR: Yes, do let us wait until it cools.

[*Three in chorus blow into the bowls of porridge again.*]

FATHER BEAR: [*tasting the porridge*]: My porridge is still too hot.

MOTHER BEAR: [*tasting her porridge*]: My porridge is still too hot, too.

BABY BEAR: [*tasting the porridge*]: My porridge, too, is still too hot, too.

ALL THREE in chorus: What shall we do?

FATHER BEAR: Let us do something.

MOTHER BEAR: Do let us do something.

BABY BEAR: Yes. Do, do let us do something.

FATHER BEAR: Let us take a walk in the woods until it cools.

MOTHER BEAR: Yes. Let us take a walk in the woods until it cools.

BABY BEAR: Yes, yes. Do let us take a walk in the woods until it cools.

FATHER BEAR: Let

MOTHER BEAR: Us

BABY BEAR: Go.

[*They take paws and dance around the table as if they were performing some magic to protect the bowls.*]

ALL THREE in chorus:

One, two, three,  
Three bears are we.

One, two, three,  
Three bears are we.

One, two, three,  
Three bears are we.

[*They file out of the door each holding the other's tail, FATHER BEAR leading the procession, still chanting "One, two, three, three bears are we." Their voices finally die out in the distance. The barking of Rover, GOLDILOCKS' dog, is then heard mingled with GOLDILOCKS' rippling laughter.*]

GOLDILOCKS [*who is outside the house and who cannot yet be seen*]: What a strange little house! I never saw it before. I must have run a long way into the woods. I wonder if I am lost. I wonder if anybody is inside the little house. I wonder if I should go in. I wonder. [*She knocks at the door. Getting no answer she knocks again. Then she enters very cautiously, leaving Rover outside, and looks around.*] The inside is quite as quaint as the outside. Sh! Somebody may be listening. No, nobody is here. [*She gradually gains more confidence as she is convinced that she is quite alone, and observes the objects around the room one after the other.*] Oh! Three bowls! A great big bowl, a middle-sized bowl, and a tiny little bowl! And three chairs! A great big chair, a middle-sized chair, and a tiny little baby chair. I wonder what is in the bowls. [*going from one bowl to the other.*] Porridge! Porridge! Porridge! I'll taste the great big bowl. [*tasting*] This is too hot! I'll taste the middle-sized bowl. [*tasting*] This is too cold! I'll taste the tiny little baby bowl. [*tasting*] This is just right! [*She gobbles up all of the BABY BEAR's porridge.*] Delicious! Yum! Yum! Yum! I've eaten it all up. I'm so tired! [*She eyes the three chairs.*] I'll try sitting in the great big chair. [*She climbs into the*

FATHER BEAR's chair.] This is too high. I'll try the middle-sized chair. [*She climbs into the MOTHER BEAR's chair.*] This is too broad. I'll try the tiny little chair. [*She sits in the BABY BEAR's chair.*] This is just right!

[*She settles herself in it very comfortably, leaning all her weight against the back of the chair. Then, of course, it all crashes under her. This can be arranged by nailing the back of the BABY BEAR's chair very lightly to the seat so that the least pressure against it will pry it loose. But the BABY BEAR must remember not to lean against it.*]

Oh, dear! I've broken it all up and there is no place else for me to sit down. [*Seeing the curtains, she is very curious to know what is behind them. So she goes to find out.*] One, two, three beds. Oh—oh. A great big bed, a middle-sized bed and a tiny little bed. Oh—I'll try the great big bed. Oh! This bed is too hard. [*Each time she supposedly tries one of the beds she sticks her head through the curtain to make her little comment about it. In that way it will not be necessary to show all three beds.*] I'll try the middle-sized bed. This bed is too soft. I'll try the tiny little bed. Oh! This is just right. I wonder where Rover could have gone? It was nice porridge. Sorry I broke the little chair. [*She settles herself in BABY BEAR's bed. ROVER is heard barking forlornly as if calling some one.*]

Good night, Rover. [*She is soon sound asleep. The silence is then broken by the voices of the THREE BEARS returning.*]



ALL THREE in chorus:

One, two, three,  
Three bears are we.  
One, two, three,  
Three bears are we.  
One, two, three,  
Three bears are we.

[*The THREE BEARS enter very briskly, still holding each other's tails, FATHER BEAR leading. They suddenly stop and sniff the air as if aware of intrusion.*]

FATHER BEAR: Some one has been in our house.

MOTHER BEAR: Yes. Some one has been in our house.

BABY BEAR: Yes. Some one has been in our house and maybe . . .

FATHER BEAR [*examining the chair*]: Some one has been sitting in my great big chair.

[*MOTHER BEAR and BABY BEAR, following his example, examine their chairs carefully.*]

MOTHER BEAR: And some one has been sitting in my middle-sized chair.

BABY BEAR: And some one has been sitting in my tiny little baby chair and broke it all up, too! Boo hoo! [*He bursts into tears.*]

FATHER BEAR: Oh, that's too bad.

MOTHER BEAR: Oh, that *is* too bad.

BABY BEAR: Boo hoo! Boo hoo!

[*MOTHER BEAR and FATHER BEAR try to comfort the BABY BEAR.*]

FATHER BEAR [*stirring the porridge with his spoon suspiciously*]: Some one has been tasting my porridge!

MOTHER BEAR: Some one has been tasting my porridge, too!

BABY BEAR: Some one has been tasting my porridge and ate it all up, too! Boo hoo! Boo hoo!

FATHER BEAR: Oh, that is too bad.

MOTHER BEAR: Oh, that is too bad.

BABY BEAR: Boo hoo! Boo hoo!

FATHER BEAR [*with much indignation*]: The wretch!

MOTHER BEAR: The thief!

FATHER BEAR: The thief!

MOTHER BEAR: The wretch!

BABY BEAR: Boo hoo!

FATHER BEAR: Let us look for him.

MOTHER BEAR: Yes. Do let us look for him.

BABY BEAR: Boo hoo!

FATHER BEAR: Let us look very quietly.

MOTHER BEAR: Very quietly.

BABY BEAR: Boo hoo!

FATHER BEAR: Sh!

MOTHER BEAR: Sh!

BABY BEAR: Boo hoo!

FATHER BEAR: Sh!

MOTHER BEAR: Sh!

[MOTHER BEAR and FATHER BEAR begin to search about quietly on tiptoes. BABY BEAR is still very much distressed about his porridge and chair and breaks out into tears, much to the annoyance of MOTHER BEAR and FATHER BEAR who keep telling him to "sh!" His crying

*becomes softer and softer. Finally it stops. The BEARS disappear behind the curtain to search in the beds.]*

FATHER BEAR: Some one has been lying in my great big bed.

MOTHER BEAR: Some one has been lying in my middle-sized bed, too.

BABY BEAR [*half triumphant, half weeping, and very much excited*]: And some one has been lying in my tiny little bed and here it is, too! Boo hoo! Boo hoo!

FATHER BEAR and MOTHER BEAR [*rushing to the little bed*]: Oh!

[*The curtains should be so fixed that at this point the THREE BEARS can be easily seen standing over the bed in which GOLDBLOCKS is lying asleep. GOLDBLOCKS should not be seen. The BEARS are lost in admiration of this strange and pretty intruder.*]

FATHER BEAR: It's a little girl with curly golden locks.

MOTHER BEAR: Yes, that's what it is! It's a little girl with curly golden locks.

BABY BEAR: I don't like little girls with curly golden locks. Boo hoo!

FATHER BEAR: She is asleep.

MOTHER BEAR: Sound asleep!

BABY BEAR: Yes! Boo hoo!

FATHER BEAR: We must wait until she wakes up. Then we shall ask her why she broke Baby Bear's chair and ate up all his porridge.

MOTHER BEAR: Yes. We must wait until she wakes up or she will be frightened.

BABY BEAR [*jealous of the attention that GOLDBLOCKS is receiving, pouts and screams*]: My chair! My porridge! My little bed!

FATHER and MOTHER BEAR: Sh . . . . .

FATHER BEAR: You must be quiet.

MOTHER BEAR: Very quiet.

[*For a moment BABY BEAR is quiet, then choosing the most quiet and opportune moment of the admiring tableau he yells at the top of his lungs and it comes like a cannon ball.*]

BABY BEAR: Boo hoo! Boo hoo! Boo hoo!

[*GOLDBLOCKS awakes and sits up in the bed so that she is easily visible to the audience. Her great eyes open and stare with fear and wonder. She rubs them to make sure of what she sees. Then she gives a scream in her turn; it is a much louder one than the BABY BEAR's which woke her up. At the sound of so much noise out of a pretty little creature like GOLDBLOCKS, the BEARS are frightened off their feet and fall on the floor, holding their ears.*]

FATHER BEAR: My!

MOTHER BEAR: Oh, my, my!

BABY BEAR: Oh, me, oh, my!

[*GOLDBLOCKS takes advantage of a clear road and dashes out of the house even before the BEARS have finished their exclamations.*]

FATHER BEAR: She scared me so!

MOTHER BEAR: She scared me, too!

BABY BEAR: Me too! Boo hoo!

FATHER BEAR [*getting up and looking about*]: Where did she go?

MOTHER BEAR [*also getting up and looking about*]: Yes. where did she go?

BABY BEAR [*still seated on the floor*]: She ran away, that's where she did go!

FATHER BEAR [*picking up GOLDBLOCKS' ball which she left in the bed*]: Oh, look! Look! She left her pretty ball in her haste.

MOTHER BEAR: Her pretty ball. What haste!

BABY BEAR [*bolting to his feet*]: Ball! Boo hoo! Boo hoo!

[*He snatches the ball.*]

FATHER BEAR: We must go after her and give her back her pretty ball.

MOTHER BEAR: Yes. We must go after her and give her back her pretty ball.

BABY BEAR: No! No! Boo hoo!

FATHER BEAR: We must! We must!

MOTHER BEAR: Yes, yes! We must!

BABY BEAR [*hanging on to the ball*]: No! No! No! Boo hoo!

FATHER BEAR [*gently but firmly extricating the ball from his grasp*]: You must! You must!

MOTHER BEAR: You must! You must!

[FATHER BEAR and MOTHER BEAR start off in search of GOLDBLOCKS, chanting "One, two, three," etc. BABY BEAR remains behind, weeping and stamping on the floor. FATHER BEAR returns, takes BABY BEAR on his back and goes off again still chanting, "One, two three . . . three bears are we," and the curtain falls.]





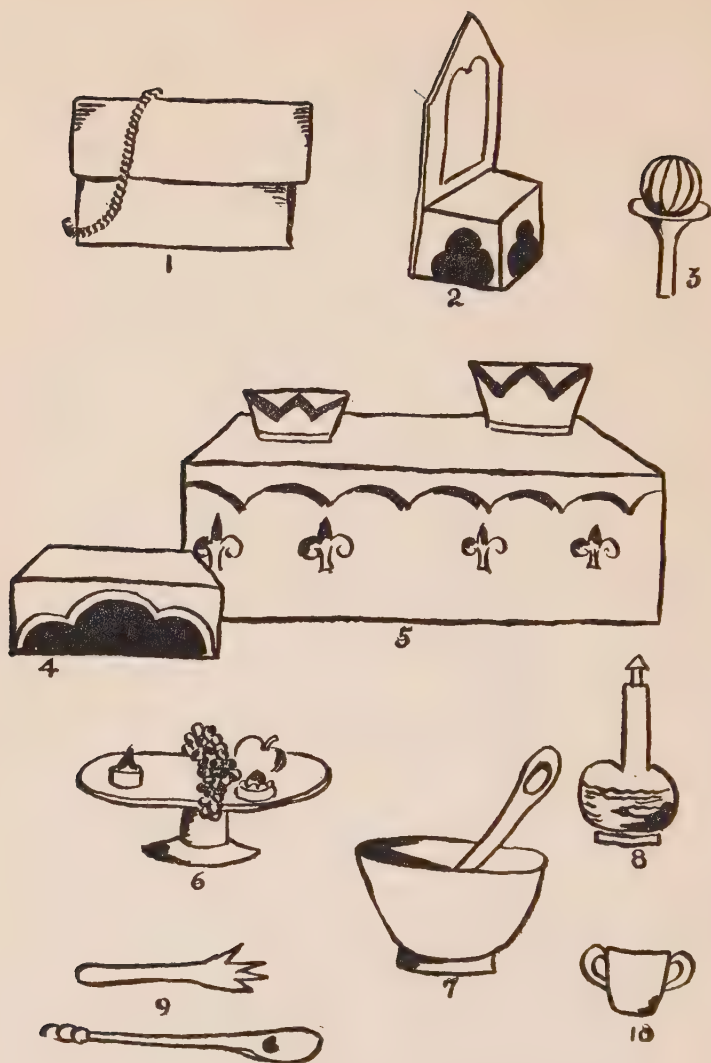


*The Prince.*

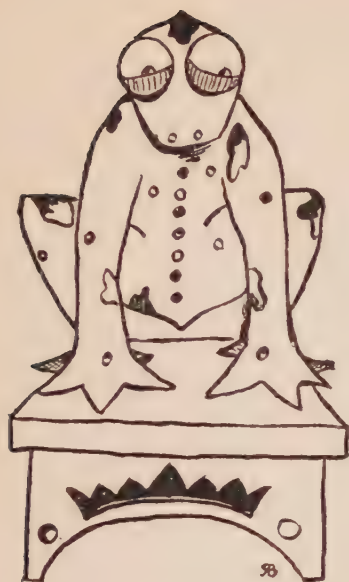
## THE FROG PRINCE

A PLAY IN TWO SCENES

*From the Fairy Tale by the Brothers Grimm*



*Properties for "The Frog Prince."*



*The Frog and the Princess.*

*Characters:*

THE FROG  
THE PRINCESS  
THE KING  
THE PRINCE  
THE ROYAL COOK

*Costumes:*

THE PRINCESS: Her dress may be of pink sateen trimmed with gold. A blue, white, and gold flower pat-

tern may be either painted or appliquéd at the bottom. Her paper crown should be in blue and gold.

THE COOK: He can wear any ordinary pair of trousers and shirt, but his large apron should be made of a shiny white oilcloth.

THE FROG: The frog's costume may be made of green cotton duvetyn with white and black patches of oilcloth here and there as indicated in the drawing. The head can be made of buckram or cardboard wide enough at the base of the neck so the wearer's head will easily slip through it. The costume should be made in one piece and fairly loose and snapped rather than buttoned, so that the prince may step out of it very easily when the time comes.

THE KING: His tunic is very long and should be a bright blue in color. It is trimmed in gold. His cape is made of a bright red duvetyn and is lined with white. His shoes may be of white oilcloth, trimmed with either blue or red. His hair may be made of black, white, or yellow paper. His crown may be made of paper or buckram and may be painted blue, red, and gold.

THE PRINCE: His tunic should be of a silver gray sateen. His jerkin may be made of green jersey. His buskins may be made of green felt or oilcloth.

### *Properties:*

Plate 1 is the well, made of cardboard and propped against a chair or a box painted in gray and green. It should be high enough and wide enough so that when a child is hiding behind it he is completely concealed.

The musical score is written on two staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of several eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the notes: "save", "save", "out of the", "wa-ter a", "pro-mise you", "gave", "gave", "aid". Above the first staff, there are two stylized frog silhouettes and three circles. The second staff continues the melody with similar note values. Below the second staff, there are three illustrations of frogs: one playing a drum, one playing a stringed instrument (possibly a lute or guitar), and one standing and holding a small object. The page number "98" is located at the bottom right.

save save out of the wa-ter a pro-mise you gave gave aid

98

The Frog's Song.

Plate 2 is the King's chair. It is made of a box with a piece of heavy board for the back and is painted in gold and yellow.

Plate 3 is the golden ball. Any fairly large rubber ball which has been gilded may be used.

Plate 4 is the Princess' stool. A box large enough for the Princess and the Frog to sit on may be used. It should be painted in gold and yellow.

Plate 5 is the table. Any table may be used. It should be covered with a yellow or white sateen with a gold design appliquéd to it. The bowls may be made of cardboard painted gold with a design of red.

Plate 6 is a tray with sweetmeats. Any tray with a stem will do.

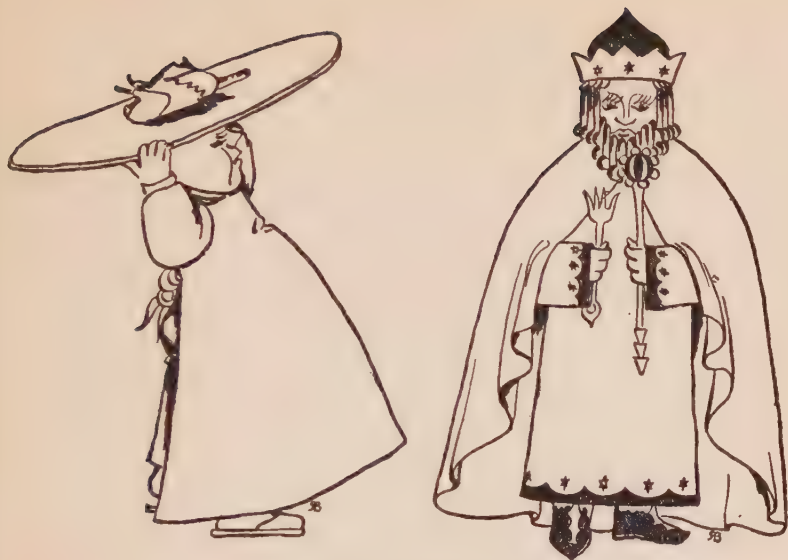
Plate 7. A large wooden or earthen bowl will answer for the sauce. It should be painted gold.

Plate 8. The wine bottle can be made of a large rubber ball, painted gold with a paper neck.

Plate 9. You may use a wooden salad fork and spoon which are painted gold.

Plate 10. The goblet may be made of a two-handled tin cup painted in gold.





*The Cook and the King.*

## THE FROG PRINCE

SCENE ONE. *In the KING's garden by the well where the KING's youngest daughter comes to play with her golden ball. The well is also the home of the FROG, who is discovered hopping about when the curtain rises. He suddenly stops and listens as he hears the sweet voice of the PRINCESS drawing nearer and nearer. Just before the PRINCESS enters, he decides to jump into the well and hide himself. The well is the chief object on the scene and should be fairly large so as to completely hide the FROG from the audience's view. A few trees may be scattered about, although that is not necessary. The rest of the stage can be quite bare.*

PRINCESS [*playing with her golden ball as she enters*]:

If the daisies should ask you who I am, golden ball, tell them I am the youngest and most beautiful of the King's many daughters. If the stars ask you who I am, playmate, golden ball, tell them I am the night in which they are allowed to shine. If the deep well asks you who I am, pretty playmate, golden ball, tell him my beauty is ten times deeper. [*She is so careless bouncing the ball that the last time it comes down it falls into the well, where the frog can very conveniently catch and hold it. She looks into the well.*] My pretty ball fell into the well! Oh, my pretty golden ball! Come back to me, pretty golden ball! Come back! Oh, my ball will not come back out of the well. My poor ball! My pretty golden ball! [*She begins to weep profusely.*]

FROG [*peeping over the edge of the well, curious to know why the PRINCESS is weeping*]: What ails thee, King's daughter? Beautiful King's daughter, your tears would melt heart of amethyst, amethyst, amethyst.

[*The FROG should talk in a rather monotonous manner and should repeat certain words in such a way as to make them sound like croaking.*]

PRINCESS: Oh, is it you, old waddler? I did not call to you! [*She continues to weep.*]

FROG: But I heard you weep and I had to see what ailed you. Who knows, said I, I may be able to help the King's beautiful daughter, the youngest Princess, Princess, Princess.

PRINCESS: I weep because my golden ball has fallen into the well.

FROG: Is that all, little Princess? Never mind, never mind, never mind! Do not weep any more, for, you see, I can help you. I will dive into the well and fetch you your golden ball, golden ball, golden ball. [*He disappears very suddenly into the well. From the bottom of it he can be heard croaking.*] Into the well, into the well, into the well.

PRINCESS [*looking down after him*]: I will be grateful to you.

FROG [*reappearing just as suddenly as though he had forgotten something*]: But tell me, little Princess, what will you give me if I fetch your golden ball, golden ball, golden ball?

PRINCESS: I will give you anything you wish, dear frog, any of my beautiful clothes, my pearls, my jewels, even the golden crown I wear on my head. I will give you anything you wish!

FROG: Oh, I will tell you what I wish, then. Your pearls and jewels or your crown are not for me. But, charming Princess, if you will have me for your companion and playfellow, and let me sleep by you and eat from your plate and drink from your cup, if you will promise all this, little Princess—I will dive below the water and bring you your golden ball again.

PRINCESS: I promise it all if you will get me my golden ball again.

FROG: You have made a promise, Princess, and you will keep it as a princess. I will come back at once, at once, at once. [*He dives back into the well.*]

PRINCESS: If he brings back my golden ball to me, I shall

be happy again. I read in my story book that a frog is only happy when he is in the water. It will be easy to break my promise and he shall not be my companion. How deep the well looks. Perhaps the ball went so deep he cannot find it. I am sure he cannot find it.

*[She begins to cry once more.]*

FROG [*appearing at the top of the well with the golden ball*]: Here I am, little Princess, and here is your golden ball, golden ball, golden ball.

PRINCESS [*snatching up the ball with haste and bad manners*]: Give it to me, my ball, my pretty golden ball.

FROG: It was sitting on a huge rock half way down, down, down.

PRINCESS: [*caresses the ball and pays no attention to the kindly FROG who is still perched on the well. In fact she turns her back on him.*] My pretty ball!

FROG: The little tadpoles that do not know the world thought it was the harvest moon paying them a visit, visit, visit.

PRINCESS: No ball in all the world is half so pretty as you are.

FROG: Your promise is very sweet to think of, little Princess, little Princess, little Princess.

PRINCESS: I shall never lose you again, dear golden ball.

FROG: I shall be very happy with you, little Princess, Princess, Princess.

PRINCESS: I won't even drop you, golden ball.

FROG [*jumps down off the well and draws near the PRINCESS who never once glances at him*]: Princess, take me up in your arms, too.

PRINCESS [*to the ball which she is still caressing like a little miser*]: Or you might roll into another deep hole.

FROG: Do you hear, little Princess, I, too, wish to be taken in your arms, arms, arms. [*This he says almost like a poor little beggar.*]

PRINCESS: Come now, pretty golden ball. It is getting late. We must go to the King, my father, or he will be anxious. [*She begins to walk haughtily away.*]

FROG: Little Princess! Wait, little Princess! I shall get tired hopping! Take me up! Take me up! Take me up!

PRINCESS: It is getting later every second. [*With which she goes off, leaving the poor little FROG all by himself and forgotten.*]

FROG: Little Princess! Little Princess! You are leaving me behind! You made me a promise, a promise, a promise! [*He thinks for a second, croaking to himself. Then he makes a decision and begins to leap after the PRINCESS, crying*]: Little Princess! Little Princess! Little Princess!

[*His forlorn croaking can still be heard as the curtain comes down.*]

SCENE TWO is one of the chambers of the palace. The royal table is set for two. There are two bowls on the table, a large one for the KING and a smaller one for the PRINCESS; and two golden cups, a larger for the KING and a smaller one for the PRINCESS. Everything on the table is gold even to the knives and forks. There is a high-back chair for the KING—something that is not quite a throne—and a gilt stool for the PRINCESS large enough

for two to sit on. When the curtain rises the KING very slowly and pompously makes his entrance to the tune of appropriate music, played by three or four musicians in the background if desired. When the KING is seated the PRINCESS makes her entrance. She would be contrary enough to disregard the beats of the music and walk in her own flippant manner. She finally sits down opposite the king.

KING [*waves his scepter toward the musicians and the music stops*]: Little daughter, Princess, what did you do to-day?

PRINCESS: I played with my golden ball, father. I rolled it up to the moon and when it came down it told me a wonderful story.

KING: You must tell me the story, Princess. Ho, cook! Bring the stuffed goose!

[*The music starts again to a tune which is appropriate to such a personality as a stout immaculate COOK. A few seconds later the COOK makes his entrance carrying a large tray on his head with the above-mentioned stuffed goose. The music stops and the KING speaks again.*]

KING: Eat of the goose, daughter. Do you wish the wing or the neck?

PRINCESS: The leg, father.

[*The KING waves his scepter toward the COOK who puts down the tray and begins to carve while the music once more strikes up an accompaniment. He serves the PRINCESS and the KING with great flourishes, puts the tray back on his head, and at another gesture from the KING he*



*makes his exit. The music then stops so that the PRINCESS may speak and be heard.]*

PRINCESS: Then I rolled my ball to the bottom of the sea and when it came back it told me another wonderful story.

KING: Tell me that story too, little daughter. Ho, cook! Bring the sauce!

*[The musicians usher the COOK in once more and the ceremony of serving is repeated. This time it is a great bowl of sauce which the COOK has brought in.]*

KING: Will you have lots of sauce, Princess?

PRINCESS: Yes, father.

*[The COOK serves her with many spoonfuls of sauce, and gives just one tiny helping to the KING. His exit is the same as the first.]*

PRINCESS: If I lost my golden ball, could I get another, father?

KING: No, little daughter, if you lost your golden ball you could not get another, for there is only one in the wide, wide world and you have it already. Ho, cook! Bring the wine and the sweetmeats. *[The COOK makes another grand entrance. He serves the wine and the dessert with as many fancy movements as before and goes off for the last time.]* Eat, little Princess, and drink.

PRINCESS: I am glad I didn't lose the golden ball. I shall never lose it.

*[The KING and the PRINCESS eat in silence for a few moments to a tune that the musicians seem to play particularly for such an occasion. When he has eaten and*

*drunk his fill, the KING begins to doze off and can be seen nodding. Having accomplished this much, the musicians stop playing and quietly disappear. The PRINCESS continues to eat. Suddenly a loud tap, tap, tap is heard off the scene. The KING wakes up with a start and says*]:

KING: I hear a pit, pat, pat. Perhaps it is beginning to rain.

PRINCESS: Yes. I, too, hear a pit, pat, pat.

*[Another loud tap, tap, tap is heard.]*

KING: I hear a thud, thud, thud. It must be thunder in the distance.

PRINCESS: Yes. I, too, hear a thud, thud, thud.

*[A very loud tap, tap, tap is heard.]*

KING: I hear a knock, knock, knock. There must be some one at the great doors.

PRINCESS: Yes. I, too, hear a knock, knock, knock.

Voice of the FROG:

Youngest king's daughter,

Into the water

Your ball I did save, save, save.

Out of the water

Your promise you gave, gave, gave.

PRINCESS: Oh, what is that?

KING: A sweet singer is singing to you, little Princess.

Go to the door and see who it is. Perhaps it is a Prince come a-wooing from afar.

PRINCESS: I'm afraid!

KING: Afraid! A Princess is afraid of nothing. Are you not a little Princess? *[A nod from the PRINCESS. Three*

*taps are heard at the door.*] Go to the door, you are not afraid.

[*The KING makes a very imperious gesture to the door, at which the PRINCESS arises and reluctantly obeys the command. The door is heard to open and then to suddenly slam off stage, quickly followed by the entrance of the PRINCESS who is shaking like a leaf.*]

KING: You are trembling. Is there a giant standing at the door ready to carry you away?

PRINCESS [*still trembling and looking toward the door*]:

No, there is no giant, Father.

Voice of the FROG:

Youngest king's daughter,

Into the water

Your ball I did save, save, save.

Out of the water

Your promise you gave, gave, gave.

KING: Why do you not open the door to the sweet singer, daughter? He has a beautiful voice.

PRINCESS: No, it is not a sweet singer. It is just horrid old hop frog who demands entrance.

KING: And what does the frog want, little daughter? Why should he demand entrance? [*Three loud taps are heard at the door.*] Let him come in.

PRINCESS: But I don't want him to come in.

KING: You are only the Princess, the youngest Princess, but I am the King. Do I not wear a crown and a scepter? Tell me why you do not want the frog to come in [*three loud knocks at the door*] or else go and open the door.

Voice of the FROG:

Youngest king's daughter,  
Into the water  
Your ball I did save, save, save.  
Out of the water  
Your promise you gave, gave, gave.

KING: And what was your promise, little Princess?

PRINCESS [*with tears in her voice*]: That I would let him be my companion and playfellow. But I didn't think he could leave the water and come after me. That is why he wants to come in.

Voice of the FROG: Your promise you gave, gave, gave.

KING: That which you have promised you must do. So go now and let the frog come in.

[*In tears the PRINCESS goes to open the door. She comes back followed by the FROG who hops after her like an adoring puppy, croaking affectionately all the time. The FROG makes his obeisance to the King, who returns the salute.*]

FROG: Lift me up, Princess. I wish to look on thee. Princess, lift me on your stool. Lift me, lift me, lift me!

PRINCESS: I will not, you ugly frog! The floor of my palace is high enough for you.

KING: But, youngest Princess, the palace is mine and the floor also is mine. That which you have promised, you must do. Lift him on your chair.

[*Weeping loudly she lifts the FROG on the stool.*]

FROG: Princess, push your golden bowl a little nearer so that we may eat together. I am hungry, hungry, hungry.

PRINCESS: You cannot eat out of my bowl, you ugly old frog! You can eat your food off the table!

FROG: But I wish to eat out of the golden bowl with thee, with thee, with thee!

PRINCESS: But I do not wish you to, you ugly frog, and you shall not!

FROG: You made me a promise, little Princess—you made me a promise, a promise, a promise.

KING: That which you have promised, you must do! Push the golden bowl nearer, and let the frog eat out of it.

*[Each time the KING commands the PRINCESS to keep her promise she weeps loudly and then obeys him.]*

Furthermore he is not an ugly frog. You might have done worse, much worse for a playmate, daughter.

PRINCESS: I think he is ugly and I wish I had not promised.

KING: Your golden ball is the only one in the wide world and is full of good luck. This kind frog brought it back out of the well for a promise and surely the golden ball is worth the promise you made.

PRINCESS: If the golden ball is full of good luck, why did it bring me such an ugly playfellow?

FROG: Ba gump! Ba gump! Ba gump!

KING: You might have done worse, much worse, for a playmate, daughter.

PRINCESS: I would willingly part with the golden ball, if I could only get rid of this horrid ugly hop frog.

FROG: Ba gump! Ba gump! Ba gump!

KING: You should not have said that, daughter. It does not become the tongue of a Princess. But now that you

have said it we will see if we can make a bargain for you.

FROG: Ba g-g-g-gump!

KING: Frog, you are both kindly and fair.

FROG: Ba gump!

KING: And my daughter although she is a princess is not a fit companion for you.

FROG: Ba gump! Ba gump!

KING: I will give you a choice. If you prefer you may take the golden ball back to the bottom of the well which is your home. But if you prefer the promise, that also may you have.

FROG: Ba gump! I want my promise, ba gump! I do not want the golden ball, ba gump! Ba gump! The promise! The promise! The promise! The promise! The promise!

KING [*breaking in for fear that the FROG will say "the promise" for the rest of his life*]: The promise you shall have!

FROG [*exultantly*]: Ba gump!

PRINCESS: Boo hoo!

FROG: Little Princess, I have had enough to eat. Make ready your little silken bed and lay me in it, in it, in it.

PRINCESS: I will not, you horrid ugly frog. I'll put you in the corner on the floor and there you will stay, whether you like it or not.

FROG: I'll only lie in the little silken bed beside you, little Princess, little Princess, little Princess.

PRINCESS: I do not wish you and you shall not.

FROG: You made me a promise, little Princess. You made



me a promise. You made me a promise. You made me a promise——

PRINCESS: No, no!

KING [*very decisively*]: Yes! Yes!

FROG: Ba gump!

PRINCESS: Boo hoo!

KING: That which you have promised in your time of necessity, must you now perform.

[*He bangs his scepter on the table, turns his back and walks off in majestic anger. Left alone with the FROG, the PRINCESS turns her back on him and weeps in her hands. The FROG approaches timidly and implores her.*]

FROG: Little Princess, make ready your little silken bed and lay me in it, in it, in it.

PRINCESS: No! No! No! No!

FROG: Make ready your little silken bed and lay me in it.

PRINCESS: No!

FROG: Your little silken bed.

PRINCESS No! No!

FROG: Your little silken bed, your little silken bed, your little silken bed.

PRINCESS: No!

[*She picks the FROG up and dashes him against the wall. Then she turns her back on him, holding her eyes. A few moments of silence follows which can be filled by the invisible musicians. During this time the FROG unbuttons the frog costume, which should be made so that the person wearing it can easily slip out and appear in the person of the PRINCE. He should step out of it as if stepping out of a skin. The PRINCE brushes off some specks of*

*dust from his clothes and presents himself to the PRINCESS, who at the sound of his voice starts as from a dream.]*

PRINCE: I greet you, Princess, and kiss your hand and thank you for the freedom you have given me.

PRINCESS [*still in a daze*]: But whence do you come and what have I got to do with it? You seemed to jump right out of that frog skin.

PRINCE: And so I did. There you may behold the empty skin upon the floor.

PRINCESS [*examining the remains of the FROG very gingerly*]: Yes. It is just an empty skin and you were the frog I have been so cruel to. [*He nods.*] I ask your forgiveness.

PRINCE: Nay, Princess. I am grateful to you for treating me as you did. If you hadn't I should still be a frog and would have remained so perhaps until I died. This is my story. I am a Prince. A long time ago a wicked witch threw a spell over me which turned me into a frog. This spell could only be broken by the youngest Princess, who is yourself, or a great King, who is your father. This Princess would dash out of me my frog life and the enchantment would be broken. You have done that by throwing the frog on the floor.

PRINCESS: If that is all I have done, then I am happy again. And now I suppose you will journey to your father's kingdom.

PRINCE: When I was a frog, I asked to be your play-fellow because I fell in love with you. Now that I am Prince again, I love you even more, and if it were in my power I would make you keep your promise.

PRINCESS: Faith, dear, Prince, I should be very happy to keep my promise to you, for I, too, do love you now that I see you in your proper form.

PRINCE: Then we must journey together to my father's kingdom.

PRINCESS: And there shall we be wed, sweet Prince?

PRINCE: Yea, little Princess. There will I bring you to my father as my bride and rescuer.

KING [*outside in an admonishing tone*]: Princess, youngest Princess! Are you keeping your promise well?

PRINCESS: Yes, father.

[*The musicians strike up the wedding march as the PRINCE takes the hand of the PRINCESS, kisses it, and leads her off.*]

PRINCE [*calls as he exits*]: Oh, coachman! Bring the coach! Make sure the horses' feet are well shod and the wheels well greased! We have a long journey! Ho, coachman!

[*A loud cracking of a coachman's whip is heard mingled with the neighing and trotting of horses as the curtain comes down.*]



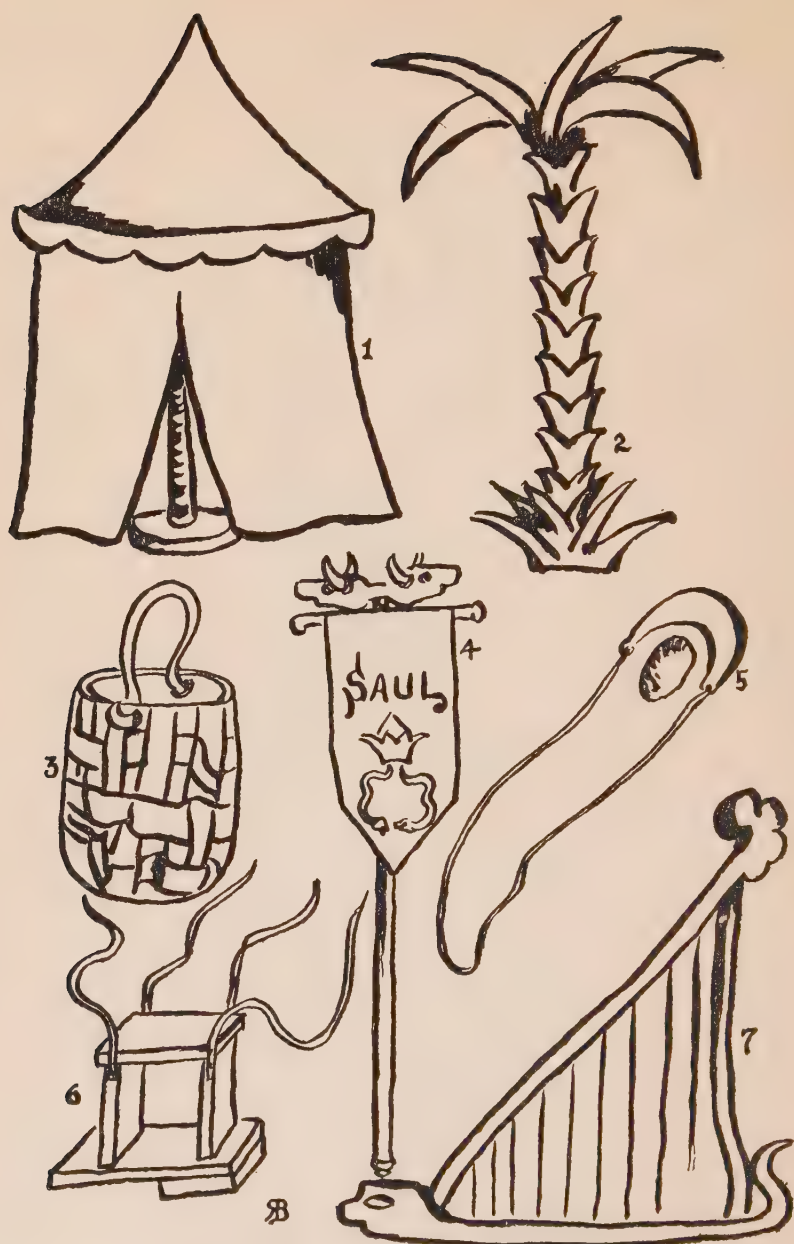


*David.*

## DAVID AND GOLIATH

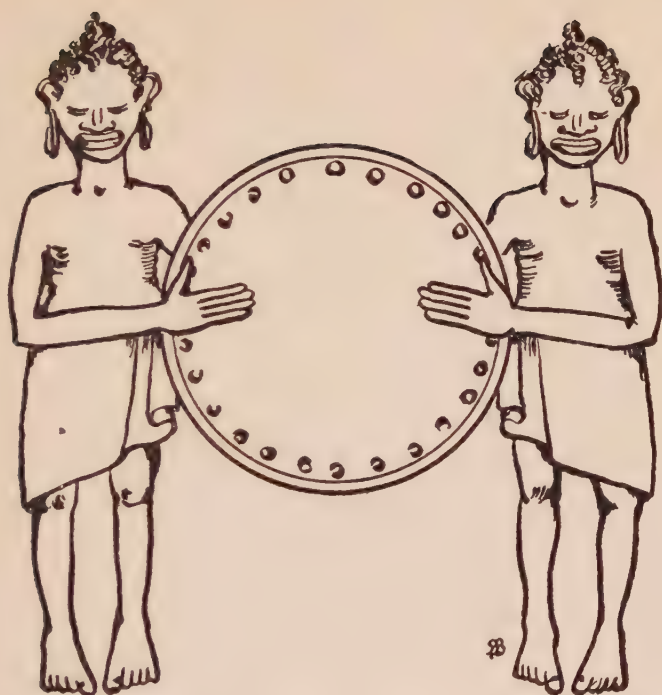
A PLAY IN ONE ACT

*From the Bible Story of David and Goliath*



*Properties for "David and Goliath."*





*Two Slaves to Goliath.*

*Characters:*

GOLIATH

JESSE

DAVID

A GUARD

ELIAB

ABINADAB

SHAMMAH

KING SAUL

TWO ATTENDANTS

GOLIATH

TWO SLAVES TO GOLIATH

ISRAELITES AND PHILISTINES

*Costumes:*

THE PHILISTINE SOLDIER: He wears a red sateen tunic trimmed with gold. Helmet, breastplate and the other parts of his armor can be made of buckram or cardboard painted gold. Wooden sword and sandals complete his costume.

KING SAUL: His robe is of jade green sateen trimmed with gold. His cloak is of rich purple sateen lined with green. The trimming is white felt with glass buttons to represent jewels. His crown is of buckram painted gold with green sateen lining. His beard may be made of black rope.

ISRAELITE SOLDIER: He wears a yellow sateen tunic. All the armor pieces are made of cardboard or buckram and are painted silver.

GOLIATH'S TWO BLACK SLAVES: They wear brass earrings, and loin cloths of brown duvetyn. They carry Goliath's shield which is made of a heavy cardboard and is painted gold.

GOLIATH: Goliath wears a black duvetyn tunic to which cardboard scales painted gold may be attached. He has a flaming red duvetyn cloak lined with white. His legs are wrapped with the same red duvetyn wound with black or gold cord. This will help to hide the stilts on which he is standing. The helmet and rest of the armor, which may be made of cardboard or buckram, are painted gold. He should wear a very heavy beard and wig to make his head look large. Ordinary hemp rope is good to use for this.

DAVID: His tunic is dull green duvetyn. The sandals which he wears may be made of ordinary slipper soles with either hide strips or soft white rope to bind them on.

JESSE: He wears a loose tunic and hood made of natural-colored burlap. His sandals are the same as David's.



*The Philistine and Israelite Soldier.*

### *Properties:*

Plate 1: represents one of the tents which may be used for the battlefield. It may be made from an umbrella draped with either white or red material.

Plate 2: a palm tree. This may be used for any of the out-of-door scenes. It is made of cardboard tacked on a stick and painted in green and brown.

Plate 3: is David's basket. An ordinary basket will answer.

Plate 4: a banner which may appear on the battlefield. It is made of muslin or yellow sateen lettered in black and gold.

Plate 5: is David's sling and stone. The sling is made of a piece of chamois and rope. The stone may be a rubber sponge.

Plate 6: wooden lifts which can be tied on the feet of the person who plays Goliath.

Plate 7: is David's harp made of wood with anything for string.



*Saul and David's Father.*

## DAVID AND GOLIATH

NOTE: This play can be performed in one act without drawing the curtain between scenes. The change of scene is effected somewhat in the style of the Chinese theater where the property man brings on and takes off pieces of scenery or properties in full view of the audience.

*The scene is a battlefield where two armies, the ISRAELITES and the PHILISTINES, are engaged in a battle. When the curtain rises the clashing of swords and shields is*

heard, mingled with the warlike shouts of fighting men, the neighing of horses, and the galloping of their hoofs. Occasionally a PHILISTINE or an ISRAELITE dashes across the scene. Suddenly great ponderous steps are heard above the tumult. GOLIATH is approaching, laughing a loud mocking laugh. He finally emerges on the scene, towering above everything in his shining armor. Two black SLAVES precede him carrying his great shield.

A very tall person should play GOLIATH. For additional height he should build under his feet and on top of his head as much as possible without making it impracticable to walk. Since his action is limited to almost nothing but speaking and laughing, it should not be difficult to make up GOLIATH to colossal size. The plate shows how he can effectively be built up and costumed.

GOLIATH: Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha——a-a-a-a-a-ha, ha, ha!

Worms, beetles, mosquitoes, white and gilded mice!

Ho there, you crawling Israelites! Hear you not my voice?

[*The war tumult ceases temporarily as if the entire camp were frightened into silence by the monstrous voice.*]

GOLIATH: Ha! Ha! Ha! Is my voice shy? Have I caught the draught in my throat that you do not hear me? Have your ears been nipped by the frost of my breath, and are you deaf? Fleas, flies, fools, Israelites! Behold me! The Philistines are your enemies. Am I not a Philistine, come to destroy Saul, your King? Are ye or are ye not servants to Saul; sworn to defend his life? I would slay Saul, your King! Choose ye a man among you and let him come down to me. What, not one of you



stirs? Not one fearless man in all your hosts? Ha, ha, ha! Ho, there! Come send ye a brave one to meet me! If he be able to fight with me and to kill me, then will all we Philistines be your servants. But if I prevail against him and kill him then shall you serve us. [*He waits and listens for an answer which does not come.*] Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Hear ye now how I laugh at you? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! [*He takes up the shield from the two SERVANTS and holds it aloft as if ready for battle, brandishing his huge sword.*] I defy the armies of Israel this day; give me a man, that we may fight together.

[*He stands defiant and motionless for a few moments. Everything is so still and quiet that the two SLAVES almost fall asleep. Then the thunderous laugh of GOLIATH arouses them. They take up the shield again, which GOLIATH lets fall, and carry it off. GOLIATH follows them. As his ponderous steps grow fainter in the distance, the battle noises slowly increase until they reach a high pitch of confusion and chaos. At this point the lights on the scene should grow less and less to indicate the coming of night. The noise of battle dies out. Two pages dressed in black remove the war banners, bring on a tree and a stool, and the stage is ready for second scene without having to drop the curtain. JESSE, who is David's father, enters on the scene, carrying with him a basket. He puts down the basket and examines the contents, muttering to himself all the while. He goes off the scene as if to get something else and returns with an urn filled with corn. He puts that, too, in the basket.*]

JESSE [*calling*]: David! Da-a-a-vid!

DAVID [*off stage*]: Ho!

JESSE: Here, David.

DAVID [*enters*]: What is your will, father?

JESSE: David, I have both a difficult and a joyous errand for you. Youngest of my sons, take now this basket with the parched corn and ten loaves to your three brethren who are in camp fighting the Philistines.

DAVID: As you wish, father, and gladly. Why are the Philistines so hard to win, father? Is not Saul a righteous King?

JESSE: Yea, son. Saul is a righteous King. The enemy have mysterious and dark powers which even Saul cannot penetrate. Your youth certainly may not understand it.

DAVID: It is very strange that the Philistines should put fear and annoyance in our people. If I were Saul, I should not fear the Philistines.

JESSE: If you were Saul, son, you would be wiser in your reflections. But you have abundance of youth, and fear has no place in your heart, and evil spirits do not trouble your dreams, but the gentle baaings of your sheep are your lullabies.

DAVID: Why may I not go into the camp like my brethren, father, and battle against the Philistines? My strength does multiply my years by two, and as for throwing a spear, I can fling a stone into the sky so far that the eye wearies of watching its flight; and as for hitting a mark, I have hit a stone in the air on its return to earth nine times out of ten because I never threw the tenth. When may I go to join my brethren, father?

JESSE: When it so pleases Saul, son. No sooner may you go into the camp. Saul has shown you great favor and he loves you even as I. Has he not made you his harp-player and armor-bearer? Truly you have found great favor in his sight. Saul will know when to send you to the camp. For the present be content with playing on your harp and entertaining him. Be on your way now, David. Go and gladden the hearts of your brethren with this basket and your sight.

DAVID: Farewell then, father. I do as you bid me.

JESSE: Fare you well, son. Linger not by the brooks nor in the shade, and bask not in the sun, but haste to your brethren in the camp.

DAVID: Yea, father. Though my sandals burn my feet, I will not cool them in the brooks, but faster will I walk.

JESSE: Take my blessing with you.

[JESSE goes off and DAVID starts his journey. He takes his harp which is slung over his shoulder and plays it.]

DAVID:

My harp is strung with strings  
And the strings are magic things,  
Magic things, magic things,  
Made of songs of rights and wrongs,  
One is weak, one is strong,  
One is short, one is long,  
All are gifted with a song.  
They are magic, magic things,  
Plucked from weeping angels' wings.

[David goes along singing his song. The scene darkens

*and the pages in black remove whatever may be on the stage belonging to the scene which has just ended. They then replace the properties that are symbols of the opposing camps. When the change of scene is completed, David's singing dies out and the familiar war noise grows louder and louder. The lights are flashed on full again, disclosing once more the camp scene. If desirable, the curtain may be dropped when DAVID goes off singing his song, but the procedure described would be the more effective of the two. Scattered soldiers hurry back and forth as in scene one. DAVID enters carrying his basket and looks about. A GUARD sees him and comes to his aid.]*

GUARD: Ho there, peddler boy! What have you to sell in your great basket? Does this look like the marketplace where blushing maids will come to smile on your wares? Ha, ha, ha.

DAVID: My name is David, son of Jesse, sir. I am looking for my three brethren that I may give them this gift. Know you where they are, sir?

GUARD: Know I? Sleep we not on the same stones? Eat we not off the same bone? So you are David, the shepherd lad. Good morning, lad. I will call your brethren as I thirst for the contents of your basket. [*Calling off stage.*] Hey there, sleepmongers! We are wanted on a serious charge. Eliab, Abinadab, Shammah! All three of you are requested by the executioner.

[ELIAB, ABINADAB, and SHAMMAH enter, all dressed in armor. The GUARD stands in front of David so they cannot see him.]

ELIAB: Well, well, have you killed the giant that you call so loudly, Captain?

ABINADAB: Show us his teeth as a proof.

SHAMMAH: Or his gizzard.

GUARD: Let one or all three of you guess what I have behind me.

ALL THREE: Satan.

GUARD: Right, for only a lad with as little fear would venture to a place like this in only his shirt. [*He produces DAVID.*]

THREE BROTHERS [*in great astonishment*]: David!

DAVID: Greetings, brothers. Father sends you this gift.

[*They all crowd around DAVID and ask him all sorts of questions, everybody talking at once, somewhat to this effect: "How have you been, David?" "Is our father well?" "The battle is terrible." "It will never be over." "You are lucky to be with your sheep." "But some must fight the Philistines." "Do you wish to see more of the camp?" "Play your harp for us, David."*]

[*The joyous reunion is suddenly interrupted by the distant laugh of the giant GOLIATH.*]

GUARD: Oh, ho! Here comes our great comedian to do his daily scene for us. Retire, friends, unless you wish to serve him up with breakfast.

DAVID: What is it, brothers?

ELIAB: It is the giant Goliath, champion of the Philistines.

ABINADAB: He comes to challenge us every morning.

SHAMMAH: And always before breakfast. [*The GIANT's laugh and ponderous steps are heard.*] Come, little



brother, follow us. He requires all this space to perform his dance.

*[The three BROTHERS and the GUARD go off, while DAVID remains behind, fascinated by the sight of the GIANT approaching in his gleaming armor. DAVID succeeds in hiding somewhere, behind a banner or a rock, and having no shining armor, he is inconspicuous. The GIANT makes his entrance preceded by the two SLAVES carrying his shield as in the first scene.]*

GOLIATH [*in thunderous voice*]: Ho! Where is Israel?

Where are the mighty fearless ones who rule the land—who step with imperial feet upon the bugs of the earth, whose dying noise is like drums to their ears? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Do they still snore? In your dreams, you are kings all-powerful. Open your sluggish eyes, the sun has been risen these two hours. Behold your nightmare. I am here to smash, mix, hash, swallow your dreams. Ha, ha, ha. I defy the armies of Israel this day and every day. Choose ye a man among you, the biggest and best. Even if he were born of two mothers I defy him! Send him that we may fight together. If he be able to kill me, then will we be your servants, but if I prevail against him and kill him, then shall you be our dogs, our mules, our footstools! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

DAVID: This is most unbelievable and curious. Does Saul hear this jingling tin idol? Outrageous!

GOLIATH: Are ye soldiers? Are ye come to do battle? Nay, ye are all primping roosters strutting around your cackling dams. I am Goliath, champion of the Philis-



tines. In all Israel is there not one champion who would die for her? Is not Saul your King? Doth the great Saul's crown sit firmly on a pyramid of sand? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! A fig leaf doth cover all the courage of Israel. [*He takes up the shield, assumes a warlike pose as a last inducement to his enemies.*] Once more I challenge the heroes of Saul. For the last time who comes? [*Pause*] Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. Only the echo of my laughter. [*He drops the shield and makes his exit.*]

[*Much grieved by the GIANT's defiance, DAVID falls to playing a sad tune on his harp. The GUARD enters looking as though in search of something.*]

GUARD: So here you are, David. Your brothers seek you high and low, worried about you.

DAVID: This ponderous man is a gross insult to Israel, I suspect.

GUARD: Yes, lad, he is, but what can we do about it? Would you like to fight this fellow?

DAVID: What will be done for the man that kills this Philistine, and takes away the reproach and blot from Israel?

GUARD: Saul has declared that the man who kills Goliath shall be enriched with great riches and shall receive his daughter's hand, and his father's house shall be free in Israel. Not a small price, but a large task.

DAVID: I will fight against him. Who is this uncircumcised Philistine that he should defy the armies of the living God? I would fight against him.

[*As David is speaking the last lines, ELIAB, his eldest brother, enters and overhears him.*]

ELIAB: Oh, we have found our champion in the heart of the battlefield and he has challenged the enemy.

GUARD: He is a brave lad, a brave lad.

ELIAB: A braying fool—an infant. Why did you come down and with whom have you left those few sheep in the wilderness?

DAVID: They are in good hands, brother. The shame of Israel troubles me.

*[He plays the harp.]*

ELIAB: I know the pride of your heart. You have come down to see the battle. Get you back to your sheep.

DAVID: What have I done now, brother? You have no cause to chide me. I am sad to think of Israel's shame.

*[He continues to play his harp. KING SAUL and DAVID's two other brothers enter.]*

SAUL: David's harp it is I hear! Sleep to my sorrow and oblivion to my sleep. How come you here, David, for it was you I had in my troubled thoughts? The song of your harp reached my pavilion and lifted the demon's hammer off my spirit. Play on, blessed boy, drown this evil giant's voice.

DAVID: Let no man's heart fail because of him, O Saul. Your servant David will go and fight with this Philistine.

ALL: Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

SAUL: David, I am sure you are a better harp-player than a soldier. Play on your harp, David.

ELIAB: Excuse him for a shepherd boy, King Saul, who has no fear of horned monsters known as rams.

SAUL: Play on your harp, David. The evil spirit is heavy on me.

DAVID: Let me go and fight the Philistine, O Saul. Am I not one of yours?

SAUL: Play on your harp, David. Play on your harp.

DAVID: I do not fear him, Saul. Let me fight the giant.

SAUL: You would play on your harp much better. You are but a stripling and he a man of war from his youth.

DAVID: Your servant kept his father's sheep and there came a lion that took a lamb out of the flock. I went after him and smote him and delivered it out of his mouth. When the lion rose against me, I caught him by his beard and slew him.

SAUL: Play on your harp, David. If you were slain then the evil spirit would be on me twofold.

DAVID: Your servant slew also a bear in the same manner. This uncircumcised Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he has defied the armies of the living God.

SAUL: He will surely slay you, David. Play your harp instead.

DAVID: The Lord that has delivered me out of the paw of the lion and out of the paw of the bear will deliver me from this Philistine. Let me go and fight against him, Saul.

SAUL: Go, David, and the Lord be with you. Let David be armed with armor—a coat of mail for his body and a helmet of brass upon his head. Let no part of him be exposed. Give unto him also a shield and a sword newly sharpened.

[*Two ATTENDANTS bring in armor for David and pro-*

ceed to dress him in it. His brothers are very much displeased and mutter sarcastic remarks such as "Champion!" "Swaddling clothes!" "Silly." "All hail the sheep king!" "The giant should be warned!"—and anything else that seems appropriate. Dressed in his armor, DAVID is an awkward spectacle. His efforts to move about in it are unsuccessful. All except SAUL show embarrassing signs of suppressed laughter. Finally DAVID makes a decision.]

DAVID: I cannot go with these, King, for I have never worn them before. Take them off me, I beg you. Your servant will find his own weapons to fight the Philistine.

[*The ATTENDANTS take off David's armor and leave him in his shepherd's clothes.*]

SAUL: Come! I will attend you, David. The Lord be with you and may your harp cease not to play. Precede me, Captains!

[*All the soldiers go off in silence. When they are alone, SAUL turns to DAVID and raises his hands over his head in blessing. DAVID kneels to receive it. SAUL then turns and follows his men. All is quiet for a few seconds, then DAVID stoops and picks up four or five stones which he puts in his leather sack. He takes out his sling and tries it by whirling it around his head a number of times to make sure it is in good condition. Satisfied that all is in readiness, he kneels, takes his harp and plays a prayer. While DAVID is playing the harp the lights on the scene should be very low. If possible just a light sufficient to show up DAVID should remain. In that way the passing of time can be indicated. The lights come on again when the giant*

GOLIATH *is heard laughing in the distance. DAVID rises and prepares to meet him. Slowly the GIANT's steps get louder and louder. The two SHIELD BEARERS enter. DAVID recedes to the far end of the scene opposite. GOLIATH enters brilliant in his brass armor and laughing a mocking laugh as before.*]

GOLIATH [*sniffing about very loudly as if sensing something unusual*]: A mouse, a mouse, a mouse, by the bristling hair of my nostrils. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Ho there! Beetles, worms, silver gilded mice, mosquitoes, Israelites, fleas, flies, fools, supreme Israelites!

DAVID [*stepping forward*]: Stop, blasphemer!

GOLIATH [*regarding David speechless for a few seconds, then—*]: Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

DAVID: You croaking king of leprous toads, I defy you and all the rats that follow you. Defend yourself, for I have come to fight with you.

GOLIATH: Ha, ha, ha! Am I a dog that you come to me with sticks? Run to your weeping mother, you pink bawling babe. Run and hold tight to your swaddling clothes.

DAVID: You come with a sword and a spear and a shield. But I come against you in the name of the Lord of Hosts whom you have defied. This day will I smite you and take your head from you, and I will give the carcasses of the host of the Philistines unto the fowls of the air and to the wild beasts. You shall see that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear, for yours will avail you not. Prepare yourself, monster of sin!

GOLIATH [*letting loose a terrific yell of anger like the*



roar of some gigantic lion]: You tail of a mouse, come to me and I will give you to the fowls of the air!

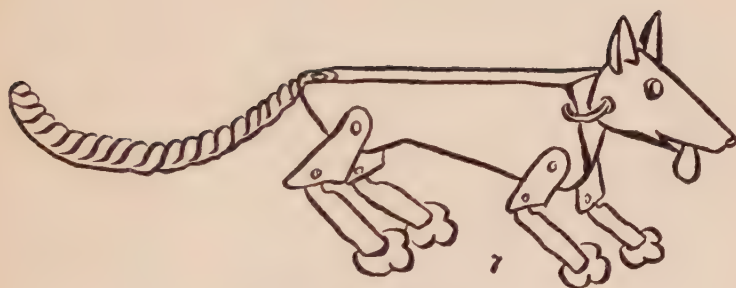
[*He approaches DAVID to pick him up, but DAVID, ready with his sling, twirls it around his head and lets loose the stone which is in it.—The stone can be a piece of rubber or any other harmless material or there need not be any stone at all.—It hits GOLIATH in the center of the forehead, bringing forth a horrible yell from the GIANT. He reels, turning several times like a top, then falls in a huge heap. The two SHIELD BEARERS, frightened out of their wits at the sight, drop the shield and run for their lives. DAVID rushes up to the GIANT and, having no sword of his own, draws the one at GOLIATH's side and proceeds without ceremony to cut off the giant's head.—This can be done by having a duplicate head resembling Goliath's which can be hidden behind the shield that the two SLAVES carry. They should be careful in dropping the shield not to expose the head to the view of the audience. DAVID can maneuver while he is in the process of cutting off the head, and by concealing GOLIATH's own head with the shield as he is in the act of cutting it off, he can pick up the duplicate head immediately after and make it appear as though he were actually decapitating the monster.—He then lifts one foot on top of the vanquished Philistine in an attitude of victory and waves the head in the air that both the Philistines and the Israelites may see it. An uproar is heard off stage like the sudden escaping of thunderbolts that have been held prisoners. Trumpets blow, drums beat, horses neigh, men shout, bells peal, and when all these are in full action*



*nothing else can be heard, so the curtain falls. If desirable the Israelites, dozens of them, can rush on to the scene shouting, and can carry DAVID off on their shoulders to SAUL, who is waiting in his pavilion, and the curtain then falls again.].*

*Goliath.*



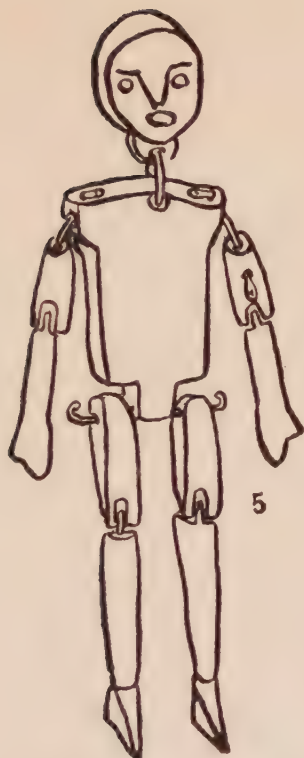


*An Animal Marionette.*

AND NOW WITH MARIONETTES



*A Marionette Stage.*



*A Wooden Marionette.*

## AND NOW WITH MARIONETTES

Now that we have described how these plays can be done by people, we will devote the remainder of the space to showing how they can be performed by marionettes. It may interest the reader to know that all of the plays here contained were originally written for marionettes

and were performed scores of times in the author's own marionette theater before varied audiences and with marked success. There are many types of marionettes and the most important of these have been employed in producing these plays: namely, marionettes that work on strings, those that work on rods, shadow marionettes, and the type that are worked by means of the fingers from below.

There is all the difference imaginable between producing plays with marionettes and acting them with people. Both have their advantages and disadvantages. As a matter of fact, there can be no comparison between them. Perhaps a more fantastic and unusual production can be obtained with marionettes. To begin with they are made of a material that is more shapable than flesh and blood. The body of a boy or girl is what it is, whereas the body of a marionette can be made of wood or any other material you may wish; can be made in any shape, form, or size; can be beautiful or grotesque; with long legs or short, fat or lean. Another advantage of marionettes is that they cannot be hurt physically by encounter with each other or unusual accidents in performing impossible feats. If the fairy godmother in Cinderella is a marionette she can actually be made to fly on the stage and up in the air out of sight; whereas if she is a little girl the task is not so easy.

In creating animals, too, how much more imagination can be employed in designing a marionette animal than in dressing up a person as an animal. We must not lose sight of the fact, however, that a child derives a great





*A Marionette Dressed and Strung.*

deal of pleasure and excitement from being a frog or a cow.

It is much less expensive to do a production with marionettes than it is to do one with people, for the simple reason that every part of it, such as scenery, costumes, and marionettes, is made on a much smaller scale. Perhaps not more than one-third or one-fourth of the material used in a production with people is necessary for one with marionettes, but the saving in materials is counterbalanced by the extra time it takes to prepare a marionette show. It must be remembered that not only do the little actors perform but they first have to be conceived and designed, then constructed and dressed, then strung, and finally rehearsed. All these different stages take time, so that in the end the expense mounts up to about the same thing. There is also this, however, that once the production is built, it is always there ready for a performance. The marionettes do not go home or grow up, or do any of the natural things that children have to think of besides being in a show. To be complete, however, a show must have an audience. When children are performing, an audience is always guaranteed because they are little magnets that attract dozens of cousins, parents, aunts, uncles, and other friends. Marionettes may suffer a little bit from this angle, for though they may be better actors, and always ready to do their job, they have not the social connections that children have. The difference between the two may be described as follows: A marionette show is a more ideal and artistic endeavor. A show done by young people themselves is more of a

grand party and an exciting picnic for everybody involved—audience and actors. So, take your choice; the advantages and disadvantages are about equal.

A marionette production may be as elaborate or as simple as one wishes to make it. There are dozens of kinds and dozens of sizes. For the beginner, however, it is much better to stick to one kind of marionette; a simple kind. This part of the book will be devoted to how these plays may be successfully prepared with simple marionettes. We will stick to the type of marionette that is most commonly known, namely the marionette which is worked from above by means of strings attached to a contrivance called a control. There are many ways in which a marionette may be made. It may be of papier-mâché, of cloth, or of wood. The making of papier-mâché marionettes would involve too much time and space to discuss here. It requires a knowledge of many materials that one acquires by experimenting for years in a shop.

Even the simplest method requires a great deal of patience. Wood is the simplest material to use, because it is something that one knows more or less how to tackle. So wood will be our medium. All the parts of a marionette can quite easily be made of wood. The anatomy, such as it is, of a marionette need not be so particular in all of its proportions. No attempt should be made to shape limbs so that they look quite human. The more eccentric and unusual the designs are, the more individual character they are likely to have. For instance, a head can be made of a simple square block of wood with a knob attached for a nose. The eyes and mouth can be painted, or beads or

buttons may be used for eyes. Many things may be used for hair—if it isn't painted on—such as yarn, fur, rope, silk, tinsel cord, et cetera. For the body another oblong block may be used. Legs and arms can be made of round or square sticks, jointed or unjointed. So much is a foundation and a starting point. From there one can shape and carve to one's heart's content. It must not be forgotten that over the anatomy there is the costume to be considered. So that even if a marionette were beautifully carved and finished this would all be covered up by the eventual costume. One thing must be remembered, above all, in making a marionette and that is that the joints be made very loose and very strong.

Animal marionettes follow the same principles in construction. They also can be made of wood. Where it is possible, the mouth of the animal should be articulated, so that by pulling a string it can be made to open and close. A simple method to follow in making such a mouth is that of hinging two pieces of wood together. When held horizontally, the weight of the lower piece of wood itself will make the hinge open. It can be brought closed again by pulling it up with a string. The thing to work for in making animals, or any other marionette for that matter, is the chief characteristics of the specimen in question. These points should be exaggerated at the expense of other minor points that are less important. In other words, do not make animals too realistic, because if you do they will not have much character from a distance where the audience will be watching them.

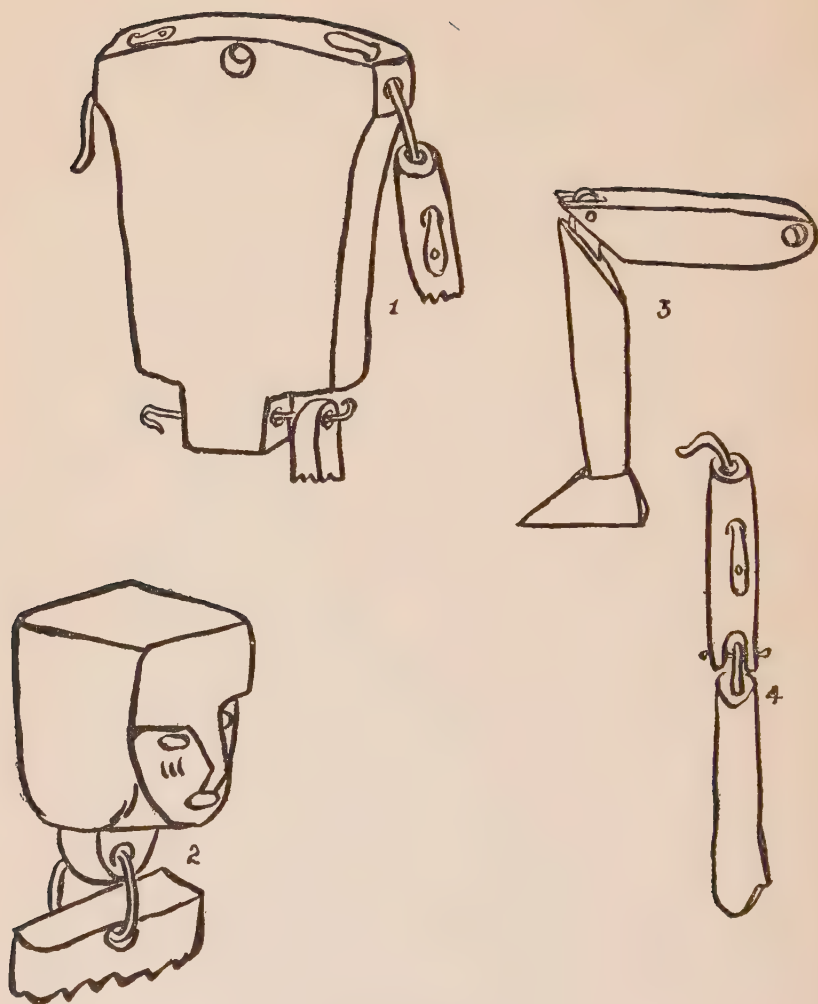
In dressing the marionette, care should be taken so

that the flexibility is not destroyed by stiff materials or bad fitting. The costume of a marionette is as much a part of the construction as the anatomy itself. In most cases the feet should be well weighted because the marionette will walk with much more freedom if that is the case.

It is commonly believed that attaching a great many strings to the various parts of a marionette will enable it to move much more expressively. That, however, is not the case. As a rule, many strings will just help to tangle things up and make the marionette get in its own way, as it were. Just a few strings attached to the most vital parts will nearly always bring about a much more satisfactory result. One should work on the principle that a marionette should have as few strings as possible. Extra ones should be added when absolutely essential to bring about a certain movement. Under ordinary circumstances no marionette need have more than from four to seven strings. As few as two or three can be used effectively. The necessary ones are one to the head and one the hand.

In the drawings that follow, the author has tried to show how a marionette show progresses from its first stage through its completion.

A great many paragraphs can be written upon the construction of a marionette show. It is the belief of the author that a sufficient number of carefully planned drawings can explain the problem much more clearly, concisely, and practically.



*The Parts of a Marionette.*



*Properties:*

Plate 1: shows how a simple wooden body may be made. The arms are attached by drilling holes through the shoulders at an angle as indicated. Through these holes strips of leather are passed and tacked at the top ends. The loose ends are then passed through holes in the arms and tacked in the same way. Another hole is drilled in the center between the shoulders. This is used for attaching the head to the torso, also with a strip of leather. The legs are attached by means of wire passed through a hole at the projection at the lower end of the body as the drawing shows.

Plate 2: shows a head carved of wood and attached to the torso by means of a strip of leather.

Plate 3: shows how a leg may be jointed at the knee.

Plate 4: shows how an arm may be jointed at the elbow. This is the same kind of joint as the knee. The knee is shown in profile, the elbow joint in front view.

Plate 5: A wooden marionette with all its parts put together. (See page 173.)

Plate 6: A marionette dressed and strung on its control. The straight piece of the control is the walking device and the cross piece is for the general balance and movement of the whole figure. One piece of the control is held in each hand. (See page 175.)

Plate 7: How an animal marionette may be all carved of wood and jointed. (See page 171.)

Plate 8: A profile view of a marionette stage, showing the bridge on which the manipulators stand and work

over the bar from which the back scene is held. The marionette is standing on the stage floor. The lights are indicated attached to the two wings. The curtain is raised so that one sees only the cord which pulls it. (See page 172.)



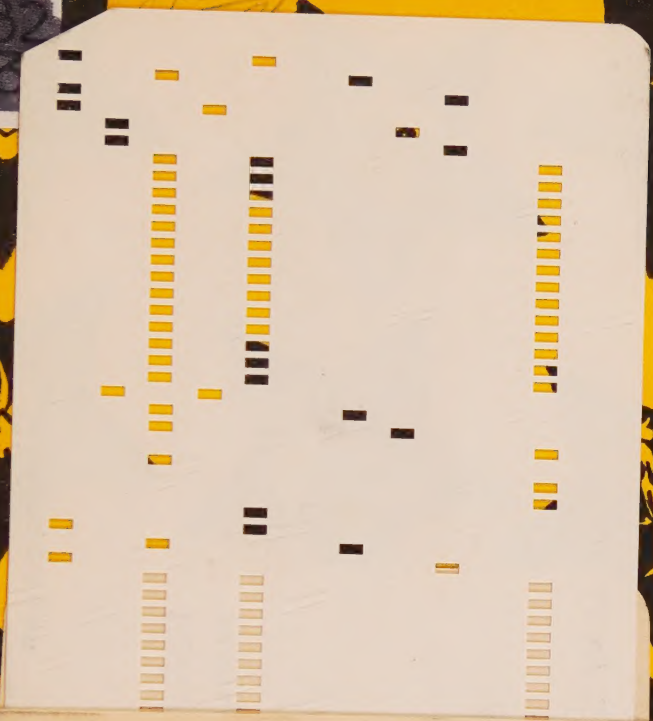








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